

# A SHAKESPEARE READER

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WILHELM VIETOR

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# SHAKESPEARE'S PRONUNCIATION.



## OTHER WORKS ON PHONETICS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

- A SHAKESPEARE PHONOLOGY, with a Rime-Index to the Poems as a Pronouncing Vocabulary. (Companion volume to A SHAKESPEARE READER.) Marburg: *Elwert*. XVI, 290 pp. Paper covers, 5 m. 40; cloth, 6 m.
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- WIE IST DIE AUSSPRACHE DES DEUTSCHEN ZU LEHREN? Marburg: *Elwert*. 4<sup>th</sup> ed. 1906. 33 pp. Paper covers, 60 pf.
- ELEMENTE DER PHONETIK DES DEUTSCHEN, ENGLISCHEN UND FRANZÖSISCHEN. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 5<sup>th</sup> ed. 1905. XIII, 386 pp. Paper covers, 7 m. 20; cloth, 8 m.
- KLEINE PHONETIK DES DEUTSCHEN, ENGLISCHEN UND FRANZÖSISCHEN. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 4<sup>th</sup> ed. 1905. XVI, 132 pp. Paper covers, 2 m. 40; cloth, 2 m. 80.
- (English edition: ELEMENTS OF PHONETICS, ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN. Translated and adapted by Walter Rippmann from Prof. Viëtor's "Kleine Phonetik." London: *Dent & Co.* 1899. 4<sup>th</sup> thousand. X, 137 pp. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net.)
- DIE AUSSPRACHE DES SCHRIFTDEUTSCHEN. Mit phonetischen Texten. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 6<sup>th</sup> ed. 1905. VIII, 119 pp. Paper covers, 1 m. 60; boards, 1 m. 80.
- GERMAN PRONUNCIATION: Practice and Theory. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 3<sup>rd</sup> ed. 1903. VIII, 137 pp. Paper covers, 1 m. 60; cloth, 2 m.
- DE UITSpraak VAN HET HOOGDUITSCH. Voor Nederlanders bewerkt door W. Viëtor en T. G. G. Valette. Haarlem: *de Erven F. Bohn*. 2<sup>nd</sup> revised ed. 1902. IV, 48 pp. Paper covers, 50 cts.
- DEUTSCHES LESEBUCH IN LAUTSCHRIFT. Leipzig: *Teubner*. Part I. 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. 1904. XII, 158 pp. Part II. 1902. VI, 139 pp. Cloth, 3 m. each.
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# SHAKESPEARE'S PRONUNCIATION

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## A SHAKESPEARE READER

*IN THE OLD SPELLING  
AND WITH A PHONETIC TRANSCRIPTION*

BY

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"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I  
pronounced it to you . . ."



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## PREFACE.

IN order to illustrate what I believe to be the pronunciation of Shakespeare, I have selected a variety of extracts for *viva voce* reading from Venus and Adonis, The Rape of Lucrece, and the Sonnets, and from all the plays in the first Folio, with the exception of The Comedy of Errors, Henry VI., Troilus and Cressida, and Titus Andronicus. I venture to hope that the familiar passages here presented in a phonetic form will thus gain a new antiquarian interest, without losing anything of their old power and charm. In spite of the deplorable state of the text and other difficulties I have not resisted the temptation to include in this unpretending "Shakespeare revival" part of the amusing French scene in Henry V.

My sincerest thanks are due to Lektor H. Smith, M. A., of Marburg, and to Dr. A. Buchenau, of Darmstadt, for the trouble they have taken in helping to secure the typographical correctness of the texts. Most of the sheets have also been kindly revised by Herr stud. phil. W. Schwank and Herr stud. phil. F. Tischner.

MARBURG, July 1906.

W. V.

## ABBREVIATIONS.

F = (first) Folio.

Q = (first) Quarto.

om. = omitted.

Q<sub>2</sub> = second Quarto.

Other contractions do not require any explanation.

## KEY TO PHONETIC TRANSCRIPTION.

(Reprinted from A Shakespeare Phonology, §§ 4, 6 and 7.)

\* \* \* The phonetic notation is that of the Association  
Phonétique Internationale.

## VOWELS.

<i>Palatal, or Front.</i>	<i>Mixed.</i>	<i>Velar, or Back.</i>
<i>High.</i> i:, i, ij, iu		u:, u, uw
<i>Mid.</i> e:, e, eu	ə	o:, o, oi, ou
<i>Low.</i> æ:, æ, æi		a:

*Shakespearian Sounds.*      *Modern Sounds.*[i:] in *be* = Northern E. *e* in *be*; no after-glide.[i] > *lip* = *i* in *lip*.[ij] > *by* = exaggerated London E. (and usual  
Cockney) *e* in *be*.[iu] > *due* = *u* in *due*; the first element stressed.[e:] > *sea* = Northern E. *ea* in *bearing*.[e] > *let* = *e* in *let*.[eu] > *few* = *e* in *let* followed by *oo* in *too*; the first  
element stressed.[æ:] > *name* = *a* in *can*, long.[æ] > *can* = *a* in *can*; the less palatal Northern E.  
variety.

[æi] » *day* = *a* in *can* followed by *e* in *be*; opener than *ay* in *day*.

[a:] » *saw* = Northern E. and Cockney *a* in *father*.

[o:] » *go* = less open than *aw* in *saw*; like the first element of *ow* in *own*.

[o] » *on* = less open than *o* in *on*.

[oi] » *joy* = *oy* in *joy*; the first element, however, less open.

[ou] » *own* = *ow* in *own* (cf. [o:]).

[u:] in *too* = Northern E. *oo* in *too*; no after-glide.

[u] » *up* = *u* in *put*.

[uw] » *how* = exaggerated London E. *oo* in *too*.

All the vowels, when unstressed, are more or less obscured, verging on [ə] (which is now used for *a* in *about*, *o* in *bishop*, &c.).

## CONSONANTS.

	<i>Labial.</i>	<i>Dental.</i>	<i>Palatal, or Front.</i>	<i>Velar, or Back.</i>
<i>Stops.</i>	b-p	d-t		g-k
<i>Nasals.</i>	m	n		ŋ
<i>Liquids.</i>		l, r		
<i>Continuants.</i>	w, v-f	d-θ, z-s, ʒ-ʃ	j-ç	x

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# A SHAKESPEARE READER.

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THE following texts are printed from the first Quarto of each of the poems, and from the first Folio of the plays respectively. Mistakes have been corrected in the text, the original readings, except in the case of irrelevant irregularities in punctuation and the like, being given in a note.

In accordance with the companion volume, *A Shakespeare Phonology*, the phonetic transcription is intentionally general and simple. As word and sentence stress are wholly or mostly the same as in present English, and as occasional deviations in word stress are sufficiently indicated by the metre, they have not been marked. Similarly, weak vowels have not been distinguished from the corresponding strong vowels; thus [æ] is used for [ǣ] as well as for [æ], *ago* e. g. appearing as [ægo:], i. e. [ǣ'go:], and almost [ə'go:]. Phonetic doublets have been only sparingly added. Fluctuations in quantity are pointed out by inserting (:) into the text. Where the (:) is restricted to riming words, as in the case of *love* = [lu(:)v], the meaning is that Shakespeare possibly deviated from his regular form in order to improve the rime.

FROM VENUS AND ADONIS.

LOUE comforteth like sun-shine after raine,  
800 But lusts effect is tempest after funne,  
Loues gentle spring doth alwayes fresh remaine,  
Lusts winter comes, ere sommer halfe be donne:  
Loue fursets not, lust like a glutton dies:  
Loue is all truth, lust full of forged lies.

\* \* \*

LO here the gentle larke wearie of rest,  
From his moyst cabinet mounts vp on hie,  
855 And wakes the morning, from whose siluer brest,  
The sunne ariseth in his maiestie,  
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
That Ceader tops and hils, seeme burnisht gold.

Venus salutes him with this faire good morrow,  
860 Oh thou cleare god, and patron of all light,  
From whom ech lamp, and shining star doth borrow,  
The beautious influence that makes him bright,  
There liues a sonne that suckt an earthly mother,  
May lend thee light, as thou doest lend to other.

865 This sayd, she hasteth to a mirtle groue,  
Musing the morning is so much ore-worne,  
And yet she heares no tidings of her loue;  
She harkens for his hounds, and for his horne,  
Anon she heares them chaunt it lustily,  
570 And all in hast she coasteth to the cry.

# FROM VENUS AND ADONIS.

luv kumforteð lijk sunsijn æfter ræin,  
 but lusts efekt iz tempest æfter sun; 800  
 luvz dzent,l sprin duð a:l wæiz freš remæin,  
 lusts winter kumz e:r sumer ha:f bi dun;  
     luv surfets not, lust lijk æ gluton dijk;  
     luv iz a:l triuð, lust ful ov fordzed lijz.

\*            \*

io:, he:r de dzent,l lærk, we:ri ov rest,  
 from his moist kæbinet muwnts up on hij,  
 ænd wæ:ks de mornin, from hwu:z silver brest 855  
 de sun ærijzeð in hiz mædzestij;  
     hwu: duð de world so glo:rĩusli bihould,  
     dæt se:der-tops ænd hilz sim burnift gould.

ve:nus sæliuts him wið dis fæir gud-moro:;  
 "o: duw kle:r god, ænd pætron ov a:l lijt, 860  
 from hwu:m e:tf læmp ænd sijniȝ stær duð boro:  
 de beutius infliuens dæt mæ:ks him brijt,  
     der livz æ sun dæt sukt æn e(:)røli muder,  
     mæi lend di: lijt, æz duw dust lend tu uðer."

dis sæid, fi hæ(:)steð tu æ mirt,l gro:v, 865  
 miuziȝ de mornin iz so mutf o:r worn,  
 ænd jīt fi he:rz no tidiȝz ov her lu(:)v:  
 fi hærk,nz for hiz huwndz ænd for hiz horn:  
     ænon fi he:rz dem t̃fænt it lustilij,  
     ænd a:l in hæ(:)st fi ko:steð tu de krij. 870

And as she runnes, the bushes in the way,  
 Some catch her by the necke, some kisse her face,  
 Some twine<sup>1</sup> about her thigh to make her stay,  
 She wildly breaketh from their strict imbrace,  
 875 Like a milch Doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,  
 Halting to feed her fawne, hid in some brake.

\* \* \*

SHE lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,  
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,  
 1125 She whispers in his eares a heauie tale,  
 As if they heard the wofull words she told:  
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
 Where lo, two lamps burnt out in darknesse lies.

Two glasses where her selfe, her selfe beheld  
 1130 A thousand times, and now no more reflect,  
 Their vertue lost, wherein they late exceld,  
 And euerie beautie robd of his effect;  
 Wonder of time (quoth she) this is my spight,  
 That thou being dead, the day shuld yet be light.

1135 Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie,  
 Sorrow on loue hereafter shall attend:  
 It shall be wayted on with ieaiousie,  
 Find sweet beginning, but vnfaurie end,  
 Nere setled equally, but high or lo,  
 1140 That all loues pleasure shall not match his wo.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,  
 Bud, and be blasted, in a breathing while,  
 The bottome poyson, and the top ore-strawd  
 With sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile,  
 1145 The strongest bodie shall it make most weake,  
 Strike the wise dumbe, and teach the foole to speake.

<sup>1</sup> twin'd.

ænd æz fi runz, de bufez in de wæi  
 sum kætʃ her bij de nek, sum kis her fæ:s,  
 sum twijn æbuwt her θij tu mæ:k her stæi:  
 fi wijldli bre:keθ from dæir strikt imbræ:s,  
 lijk æ miltʃ do:, hwu:z sweliŋ dugz du æ:k, 875  
 hæ(:)stiŋ tu fi:d her fa:n hid in sum bræ:k.

\* \* \*

fi luks upon hiz lips, ænd dæi ær pæ:l;  
 fi tæ:ks him bij de hænd, ænd dæt iz kould;  
 fi hwisperz in hiz e:rz æ he(:)vi tæ:l, 1125  
 æz if dæi hærd de wo:ful wordz fi tould;  
 fi lifts de kofer-lidz dæt klo:z hiz i:z,  
 hwe:r, lo:, tu: læmps, burnt uwt, in dærknes li:z;

tu: glæsez, hwe:r herself herself biheld  
 æ θuwzænd ti:mz, ænd nuw no mo:r reflekt; 1130  
 dæir vertiu lost, hwe:rin dæi læ:t ekseld,  
 ænd ev(e)ri beuti robd ov hiz efekt:

"wunder ov ti:m," kwoθ fi:, "dis iz mij ʃpijt,  
 dæt, duw bi:ŋ ded, de dæi fu:ld jit bi lijt.

"sins duw ært ded, lo:, he:r ij profesij: 1135  
 soro: on luv he:ræfter ʃæl ætend:  
 it ʃæl bi wæited on wið dʒelusij,  
 fijnd swi:t biginiŋ, but unsæ:v(o)ri end,  
 ne:r settled e:kwæli, but hij or lo:,  
 dæt a:l luvz ple(:)ziur ʃæl not mætʃ hiz wo:. 1140

"it ʃæl bi fik,l, fa:ls, ænd ful ov fra:d,  
 bud ænd bi blæsted in æ bre:ðiŋ-hwi:l;  
 de botom poiz:n, ænd de top o:r:stra:d  
 wið swi:ts dæt ʃæl de triuest sijt bigijl:  
 de stronggest bodi ʃæl it mæ:k mo:st we:k, 1145  
 strijk de wijk dum ænd te:tʃ de fu:l tu spe:k.

It shall be sparing, and too full of ryot,  
 Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures,  
 The staring ruffian shall it keepe in quiet,  
 1150 Pluck down the rich, inrich the poore with treasures,  
 It shall be raging mad, and fillie milde,  
 Make the yong old, the old become a childe.

It shall suspect where is no cause of feare,  
 It shall not feare where it should most mistrust,  
 1155 It shall be mercifull, and too seueare,  
 And most deceiuing, when it seemes most iust,  
 Peruerse it shall be, where it shoves most toward,  
 Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of warre, and dire euent,  
 1160 And set dissention twixt the sonne, and fire,  
 Subiect, and seruill to all discontents:  
 As drie combustious matter is to fire,  
 Sith in his prime, death doth my loue destroy,  
 They that loue best, their loues shall not enioy.

1165 By this the boy that by her side laie kild,  
 Was melted like a vapour from her sight,  
 And in his blood that on the ground laie spild,  
 A purple floure sproong vp, checkred with white,  
 Resembling well his pale cheekes, and the blood,  
 1170 Which in round drops, vpon their whitenesse stood.

She bowes her head, the new-sproong floure to smel,  
 Comparing it to her Adonis breath,  
 And saies within her bosome it shall dwell,  
 Since he himselfe is rest from her by death;  
 1175 She crop's the stalke, and in the breach appeares,  
 Green-dropping sap, which she compares to teares.

"it fæl bi spæ:riŋ ænd tu: ful ov rijot,  
 te:tʃiŋ dekrepit æ:dʒ tu tre(:)d de me(:)ziurz;  
 de stæ:riŋ ruʃiæn fæl it ki:p in kwijet,  
 pluk duwn de ritiʃ, inritʃ de pu:r wið tre(:)ziurz; 1150  
 it fæl bi ræ:dʒiŋ-mæd ænd sili-mijld,  
 mæ:k de juŋ ould, de ould bikum æ tʃijld.

"it fæl suspekt hwe:r iz no ka:z ov fe:r;  
 it fæl not fe:r hwe:r it ʃu:ld mo:st mistrust;  
 it fæl bi mersiful ænd tu: seve:r, 1155  
 ænd mo:st dese:viŋ hwen it si:mz mo:st dʒust;  
 pervers it fæl bi hwe:r it ʃouz mo:st towa:rd,  
 put fe:r tu væler, kurædʒ tu de kuwærd.

"it fæl bi ka:z ov wær ænd dijr events,  
 ænd set disensjōn twikst de sun ænd sijr; 1160  
 subdʒekt ænd servil tu a:l diskontents,  
 æz drij kombustjūs mæter iz tu fijr:  
 siθ in hiz prijm de(:)θ duθ mij luv destroi,  
 dæi dæt luv best dæir luvz fæl not indʒoi."

bij dis, de boi dæt bij her sijð læi kild 1165  
 wæz melted lik æ væ:por from her sijt,  
 ænd in hiz blud dæt on de gruwnd læi spild,  
 æ purp,l fluwr spruŋ up, tʃekred wið hwijt,  
 rezembling wel hiz pæ:l tʃi:ks ænd de blud  
 hwitʃ in ruwnd drops upon dæir hwijtnes stud. 1170

ʃi buwz her hed, de niu-spruŋ fluwr tu smel,  
 kompæ:riŋ it tu her ædo:nis bre(:)θ,  
 ænd sæiz, widin her bu:zom it fæl dwel,  
 sins hi: himself iz reft from her bij de(:)θ:  
 ʃi krops de stæ:k, ænd in de bre:tʃ æpe:rz 1175  
 gri:n dropiŋ sæp, hwitʃ ʃi kompæ:rz tu te:rz.

Poore floure (quoth she) this was thy fathers guife,  
 Sweet issue of a more sweet smelling fire,  
 For euerie little grieve to wet his eies,  
 1180 To grow vnto himselfe was his desire;  
 And so tis thine, but know it is as good,  
 To wither in my brest, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here in my brest,  
 Thou art the next of blood, and tis thy right.  
 1185 Lo in this hollow cradle take thy rest,  
 My throbbing hart shall rock thee day and night;  
 There shall not be one minute in an houre,  
 Wherein I wil not kisse my sweet loues floure.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,  
 1190 And yokes her filuer doues, by whole swift aide,  
 Their mistresse mounted through the emptie skies,  
 In her light chariot, quickly is conuaide,  
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen,  
 Meanes to immure her selfe, and not be seen.

# FROM THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

THOSE that much couet are with gaine so fond,  
 1235 That what they haue not, that which they possesse  
 They scatter and vnloose it from their bond,  
 And so by hoping more they haue but lesse,  
 Or gaining more, the profite of excesse  
 Is but to surfet, and such griefes sustaine,  
 1240 That they proue bancrout in this poore rich gain.

"pu:r fluwr," kwoθ fi, "dis wæz dij fæderz gijz—  
 swi:t isiu ov æ mo:r swi:t-smeliŋ sijr—  
 for ev(e)ri lit,l gri:f tu wet hiz iŋz :  
 tu gro: unto himself wæz hiz dezi:r. 1180  
 ænd so: tiz diŋ; but kno: it iz æs gud  
 tu wider in mij brest æz in hiz blud.

"he:r wæz dij fæderz bed, he:r in mij brest;  
 duw ært de nekst ov blud, ænd tiz diŋ riŋt :  
 lo:, in dis holo: kræ:d,l tæ:k diŋ rest, 1185  
 mij θrobiŋ hært fæl rok di dæi ænd niŋt :  
 der fæl not bi o:n miniut in æn uwr  
 hwe:rin ij wil not kis mij swi:t luvz fluwr."

dus we:ri ov ðe world, æwæi fi hijz,  
 ænd jo:k:s her silver duvz; bij hwu:z swift æid 1190  
 dæir mistres muwnted θru: ðe empti skijz  
 in her liŋt tŋæriot kwikli iz konvæid;  
 houldiŋ dæir ku:rs tu pæ:fos, hwe:r dæir kwim  
 me:nz tu imiur herzelf ænd not bi sin.

## FROM THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

do:z dæt mutf kuvet ær wid gæin so fond,  
 dæt hwæt dæi hæ:v not, dæt hwitf dæi pozes 1195  
 dæi skæter ænd unlus it from dæir bond,  
 ænd so:, bij ho:piŋ mo:r, dæi hæ:v but les;  
 or, gæiniŋ mo:r, ðe profit ov ekse  
 iz but tu surfet, ænd sutf gri:f:s sustæin,  
 dæt dæi pru:v bæŋkruwt in dis pu:r-ritf gæin. 1200

The ayme of all is but to nourse the life,  
 With honor, wealth, and ease in wainyng age:  
 And in this ayme there is such thwarting strife,  
 That one for all, or all for one we gage:  
 145 As life for honour, in fell battailes rage,  
     Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost  
     The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in ventring ill, we leaue to be  
 The things we are, for that which we expect:  
 150 And this ambitious foule infirmitie,  
     In hauing much torments vs with defect  
     Of that we haue: so then we doe neglect  
     The thing we haue, and all for want of wit,  
     Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

\*            \*            \*

HER lillie hand, her rosie cheeke lies vnder,  
 Coofning the pillow of a lawfull kisse:  
 Who therefore angrie seemes to part in funder,  
 Swelling on either side to want his blisse.  
 390 Betweene whose hils her head intombéd is;  
     Where like a vertuous Monument shee lies,  
     To be admir'd of lewd vnhalloved eyes.

Without the bed her other faire hand was,  
 On the greene couerlet whose perfect white  
 395 Showed like an Aprill dazie on the grasse,  
     With pearlie swet resembling dew of night.  
 Her eyes like Marigolds had sheath'd their light,  
     And canopied in darkenesse sweetly lay,  
     Till they might open to adorne the day.

de æim ov a:l iz but tu nurs de lijf  
 wid onor, welθ, ænd e:z, in wæ:niŋ æ:dʒ;  
 ænd in ðis æim ðer iz sutʃ θwærtiŋ strijʃ,  
 dæt o:n for a:l, or a:l for o:n wi gæ:dʒ;  
 æz lijf for onor in fel bæ:t,lz rædʒ; 145  
     onor for welθ; ænd oft dæt welθ duθ kost  
     de de(:)θ ov a:l, ænd a:l tugeðer lost.

so dæt in ventriŋ il wi le:v tu bi:  
 ðe θiŋz wi æ:r for dæt hwitʃ wi ekspekt;  
 ænd ðis æmbisiūs fuwl infirmiti:, 150  
 in hæ:viŋ mutʃ, torments us wid defekt  
 ov dæt wi hæ:v: so ðen wi du neglekt  
     ðe θiŋ wi hæ:v; ænd a:l for wænt ov wit,  
     mæ:k sumθiŋ noθiŋ bij a:gmentiŋ it.

\*            \*

her lili hænd her ro:zi tʃi:k lijz under,  
 kuzniŋ ðe pilo: ov æ la:ful kis;  
 hwu:, ðe:rfo:r æŋgri, si:mz tu pært in sunder,  
 sweliŋ on e:ðer sijd tu wænt hiz blis;  
 bitwi:n hwu:z hilz her hed intu:med iz:<sup>1</sup> 300  
     hwe:r, lijk æ vertiūs moniument ʃi lijz,  
     tu bi ædmijrd ov leud unhæloud ijz.

widuw't de bed her uðer fæir hænd wæz,<sup>2</sup>  
 on ðe grin kuverlet; hwu:z perfekt hwijt  
 foud lijk æn æ:pril dæizi on ðe græs, 305  
 wid perli swe(:)t, rezembliŋ deu ov nijt.  
 her ijz, lijk mærigouldz, hæd ʃe:dd dæir lijt,  
     ænd kænopid in dærknes switli læi,  
     til dæi mi:t o:p,n tu ædorn ðe dæi.

<sup>1</sup> Or is. <sup>2</sup> wæs.

- 400 Her haire like golden threeds playd with her breath,  
 O modest wantons, wanton modestie!  
 Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,  
 And deaths dim looke in lifes mortalitie.  
 Ech in her sleepe themfelues so beautifie,  
 405 As if betweene them twaine there were no strife,  
 But that life liu'd in death, and death in life.  
 Her breasts like luory globes circled with blew,  
 A paire of maiden worlds vnconquered,  
 Saue of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,  
 410 And him by oath they truely honored.  
 These worlds in TARQVIN new ambition bred,  
 Who like a fowle vsurper went about,  
 From this faire throne to heaue the owner out.

## SONNET XVIII.

- SHALL I compare thee to a Summers day?  
 Thou art more louely and more temperate:  
 Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,  
 And Sommers lease hath all too short a date:  
 5 Sometime too hot the eye of heauen shines,  
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,  
 And euery faire from faire some-time declines,  
 By chance, or natures changing course vntrim'd:  
 But thy eternall Sommer shall not fade,  
 10 Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'ft,  
 Nor shall death brag thou wandr'ft in his shade,  
 When in eternall lines to time thou grow'ft,  
 So long as men can breath or eyes can see,  
 So long liues this, and this giues life to thee.

her hæir, lik gould,n 0re(:)dz, <sup>1</sup> plæid wið her bre(:)0; 400  
 o: modest wæntonz! wænton modestij!  
 fo:ij lijfs trijumf in de mæp ov de(:)0,  
 ænd de(:)0s dim luk in lijfs mortælitij:  
 e:tf in her sli:p demselvz so beutifij,  
     æz if bitwi:n dem twæin der wer no strijf, 405  
     but dæt lijf livd in de(:)0, ænd de(:)0 in lijf.  
 her brests, lik iju(o)ri glo:bz sirkled wið bliu,  
 æ pæir ov mæid,n worldz unkonjkered,  
 sæ:v ov dæir lord no berrij jo:k dæi kniu,  
 ænd him bij o:0 dæi triuli onored. 410  
 de:z worldz in tærkwin niu æmbisjōn bred;  
     hwu:, lik æ fuwl iuzurper, went æbuwt  
     from dis fæir 0ro:n tu he:v de ouner uwt.

## SONNET XVIII.

fæl ij kompæir di tu æ sumerz dæi?  
 duw ært mo:r luvli ænd mo:r temperæt:  
 ruf wijndz du fæ:k ðe dærlig budz ov mæi,  
 ænd sumerz leis hæ0 a:l tu: fort æ dæt:  
 sumtijm tu: hot de ij ov he(:)v,n sijnz, 5  
 ænd oft,n iz hiz gould kompleksjōn dimd;  
 ænd ev(e)ri fæir from fæir sumtijm deklinz,  
 bij tfæns or næ:tiurz tfændgij ku:rs untrimd;  
 but dij eternæl sumer fæl not fæ:d  
 nor luz: pozesjōn ov dæt fæir duw oust; 10  
 nor fæl de(:)0 bræg duw wændrest in hiz fæ:d,  
 hwen in eternæl lijnz tu tijm duw groust:  
     so loŋ æz men kæn bre:d or iju kæn si,  
     so loŋ livz dis ænd dis givz lijf tu di:.

<sup>1</sup> Or 0ri:dz.

## SONNET XXX.

WHEN to the Sefſions of ſweet ſilent thought,  
 I ſommon vp remembrance of things paſt,  
 I ſigh the lacke of many a thing I fought,  
 And with old woes new waile my deare times waſte:  
 5 Then can I drowne an eye (vn-vſ'd to flow)  
 For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,  
 And weepe a freſh loues long ſince canceld woe,  
 And mone th'expenſe of many a vanniſht fight.  
 Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon,  
 10 And heauily from woe to woe tell ore  
 The ſad account of fore-bemoned mone,  
 Which I new pay, as if not payd before.  
 But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)  
 All loſſes are reſtord, and ſorrowes end.

## SONNET XXXIII.

FULL many a glorious morning haue I ſeene,  
 Flatter the mountaine tops with ſoueraine eie,  
 Kiffing with golden face the meddowes greene;  
 Guilding pale ſtreames with heavenly alcury:  
 5 Anon permit the baſeſt cloudes to ride,  
 With ougly rack on his celeftiall face,  
 And from the ſor-lorne world his viſage hide  
 Stealing vnſeene to weſt with this diſgrace:  
 Euen ſo my Sunne one early morne did ſhine,  
 10 With all triumphant ſplendor on my brow,  
 But out alack, he was but one houre mine,  
 The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.  
 Yet him for this, my loue no whit diſdaineth,  
 Suns of the world may ſtaine, when heauens  
 ſun ſtaineth.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ſtaineth.

## SONNET XXX.

hwen tu de sesjonz ov swit sijlent θout  
 ij sumon up remembraens ov θijz pæst,  
 ij sij ðe læk ov mænī æ θij ij sout,  
 ænd wið ould worz niu wæil mij ðe:r tijmz wæst :  
 ðen kæn ij druwn æn ij, uniuzd tu flo; 5  
 for presius frendz hid in de(:)θs ðæ:tlæs niȝt,  
 ænd wi:p æfref luvz loȝ sins kænslð wor;,  
 ænd mo:n dekspens ov mænī æ væniȝt siȝt:  
 ðen kæn ij gri:v æt gri:vænsez forgo:n,  
 ænd he(:)vili from wo: tu wo: tel o:r 10  
 ðe sæd ækuwnt ov fo:r-bimo:ned mo:n,  
 hwitȝ ij niu pæi æz if not pæid bifo:r.  
 but if ðe hwijl ij θijnk on ði:, ðe:r frend,  
 a:l losez ær resto:rd ænd sorouz end.

## SONNET XXXIII.

ful mænī æ glo:rīus mornij hæv ij sin  
 flæter de muwntæin-tops wið sov(e)ræin ij,  
 kisiȝ wið gould,n fæ:s ðe medouz grin,  
 gi(:)ldiȝ pæ:l stre:mz wið he(:)vnli ælkimij;  
 ænon permit ðe bæ:sest kluwdz tu riȝd 5  
 wið ugli ræk on hiz selestīæl fæ:s,  
 ænd from ðe forlorn world hiz vizaedȝ hijd,  
 ste:liȝ unsi:n tu west wið ðis disgræ:s:  
 i:vn so: mij sun o:n e(:)rli morn did sijn  
 wið a:l-trijumfænt splendor on mij bruw; 10  
 but uwt, ælæk! hi wæz but o:n uwr miȝn;  
 ðe re:dzȝon kluwd hæθ mæskt him from mi nuw.  
 jīt him for ðis mij luv no hwit disdæineθ;  
 suns ov ðe world mæi stæin, hwen he(:)vnz sun  
 stæineθ.

## SONNET LV.

NOT marble, nor the guilded monuments<sup>1</sup>  
 Of Princes shall out-live this powrefull rime,  
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
 Then vnswept stone, besmeer'd with fluttish time.  
 5 When wastefull warre shall *Statues* ouer-turne,  
 And broiles roote out the worke of masonry,  
 Nor *Mars* his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne<sup>2</sup>  
 The liuing record of your memory.  
 Gainst death, and all obliuious enmity<sup>3</sup>  
 10 Shall you pace forth, your praise shall stil finde roome,  
 Euen in the eyes of all posterity  
 That weare this world out to the ending doome.  
 So til the iudgement that your selfe arise,  
 You live in this, and dwell in louers eies.

## SONNET LXXIII.

THAT time of yeare<sup>4</sup> thou maist in me behold,  
 When yellow leaues, or none, or few doe hange  
 Vpon those boughes which shake against the could,  
 Bare ruin'd<sup>5</sup> quiers, where late the sweet birds sang.  
 5 In me thou seest the twi-light of such day,  
 As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,  
 Which by and by blacke night doth take away.  
 Deaths second selfe that seals vp all in rest.  
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
 10 That on the ashes of his youth doth lye,

<sup>1</sup> monument.. <sup>2</sup> burne:. <sup>3</sup> emnity. <sup>4</sup> yeare. <sup>5</sup> rn'wd.

## SONNET LV.

not mærb,l, nor ðe gi(:)lded moniuments  
 ov prinsez, fæl uwtliv dis puwrful rijm;  
 but iu fæl fijn mo:r brijt in ðe:z kontents  
 ðen unswept sto:n bisme:rd wid slutif tijm.  
 hwen wæ(:)stful wær fæl stætiuz overturn, 5  
 ænd broilz ru:t uwt ðe wurk ov mæ:sonrij,  
 nor mærz hiz sword nor wærz kwik fi:r fæl burn  
 ðe liviŋ rekord ov iur memoriŋ.  
 gæinst ðe(:)θ ænd a:l-oblivius enmitij  
 fæl iu pæ:s furθ; iur præiz fæl stil fijnd ru:m 10  
 i:vn in ðe iŋz ov a:l posteritij  
 ðæt we:r ðis world uwt tu ðe endiŋ du:m.  
 so:, til ðe dʒudʒment ðæt iurself æriŋz,  
 iu liv in ðis, ænd dwel in luverz iŋz.

## SONNET LXXIII.

ðæt tijm ov je:r duw mæist in mi: bihould  
 hwen jelo: le:vz, or no:n, or feu, du hæŋ  
 upon do:z buwz hwitf fæ:k ægæinst ðe kould,  
 bæ:r riuind kwijrz, hwe:r læt ðe swit birdz sæŋ.  
 in mi: duw si:st ðe twijliŋ ov sutf dæi 5  
 æz æfter sunset fæ:deθ in ðe west,  
 hwitf bi: ænd bi: blæk niŋt duθ tæ:k æwæi,  
 ðe(:)θs sekond self, ðæt se:lz up a:l in rest.  
 in mi: duw si:st ðe glo:iŋ ov sutf fi:r  
 ðæt on ðe æfez ov hiz jiuθ duθ liŋ, 10

As the death bed, whereon it must expire,  
 Consum'd with that which it was nurrish't by.

This thou perceiu'ft,<sup>1</sup> which makes thy loue  
   more strong,  
 To loue that well, which thou must leaue ere long.

## SONNET CIV.

To me faire friend you neuer can be old,  
 For as you were when first your eye I eyde,  
 Such seemes your beautie still: Three Winters colde,  
 Haue from the Forrests shooke three summers pride,  
 5 Three beautilous springs to yellow *Autumne* turn'd,  
 In proceffe of the seasons haue I secne,  
 Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,  
 Since first I saw you fresh which yet are greene.  
 Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,  
 10 Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiu'd,  
 So your sweete hew, which me thinkes still doth stand,<sup>2</sup>  
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceaued.  
 For feare of which, heare this thou age vnbred,  
 Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead.

## SONNET CXVI.

LET me not to the marriage of true mindes  
 Admit impediments, loue is not loue  
 Which alters when it alteration findes,  
 Or bends with the remouer to remoue.

<sup>1</sup> perceu'ft.    <sup>2</sup> stand (d *imperfect*).

æz de de(:)θ-bed hwe:ron it must ekspijr  
 konsiumd wið ðæt hwitf it wæz nurift bij.

ðis ðuw perse:vst, hwitf mæ:ks dij luv mo:r  
stroŋ,  
 tu luv ðæt wel hwitf ðuw must le:v eir loŋ.

## SONNET CIV.

tu mi:, fæir frend, iu never kæn bi ould,  
 for æz iu we:r hwen first iur ij ij ijd,  
 sutf si:mz iur beuti stil. θri: winterz kould  
 hæv from de forests fu:k θri: sumerz prijd,  
 θri: beutiŋs springz tu jelo: a:tum turnd 5  
 in pro:sas ov de se:z,nz hæv ij si:n,  
 θri: æ:pril perfiumz in θri: hot d:ziunz burnd,  
 sins first ij sa: iu fref, hwitf jit ær gri:n.  
 æh! jit duθ beuti, lijk æ dijæl-hænd,  
 ste:l from hiz figiur, ænd no pæ:s perse:vd; 10  
 so: iur swit hiu, hwitf miθiŋks stil duθ stænd,  
 hæθ mo:sion, ænd mijn ij mæi bi dese:vd:  
 for fe:r ov hwitf, he:r ðis, ðuw æ:dz unbred;  
 eir iu wer born wæz beutiz sumer ded.

## SONNET CXVI.

let mi not tu de mæriædz ov triu mijndz  
 ædmit impediments. luv iz not lu(:)v  
 hwitf a:ltarz hwen it a:ltæ:sion fijndz,  
 or bendz wið de remu:ver tu remu:v

5 O no, it is an euer fixed marke  
 That lookes on tempests and is neuer shaken;  
 It is the star to euery wandring barke,  
 Whose worths vnknowne, although his hight<sup>1</sup> be  
 taken.

Lou's not Times foole, though rosie lips and cheeks  
 10 Within his bending sickles compasse come,  
 Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,  
 But beares it out euen to the edge of doome:  
 If this be error and vpon me proued,  
 I neuer writ, nor no man euer loued.

## FROM THE TEMPEST.

## ACT I. SCENE II.

*Ariel. Song.*

COME vnto these yellow sands,  
 And then take hands:  
 Curtied when you haue, and kift  
 380 The wilde waues whift:  
 Foote it featly heere, and there,  
 And sweete Sprights the burthen beare.<sup>2</sup>

*Burthen disperfedly.*

Harke, harke, bowgh-wowgh:<sup>3</sup>  
 The watch-Dogges barke, bowgh-wowgh.<sup>4</sup>

*Ar.*

385 Hark, hark, I heare,  
 The straine of strutting Chanticleere  
 Cry cockadiddle-dowe.

<sup>1</sup> hight.

<sup>2</sup> beare the burthen.

<sup>3</sup> bowgh wawgh.

<sup>4</sup> -wawgh.

o:, no: ! it iz æn ever-fiksed mærk 5  
 dæt lu:ks on tempests ænd iz never ʃæ:k,n;  
 it iz de stær tu ev(e)ri wændriŋ bærk  
 hwu:z wurθs unknow a:ldou hiz hijt bi tæ:k,n.

luvz not tijmz fu:l, dou ro:zi lips ænd tʃi:ks  
 widin hiz bendiŋ sik,lz kumpæs ku(:)m; 10  
 luv a:lterz not wid hiz bri:f uwrz ænd wi:ks,  
 but be:rz it uwt i:vn tu de edz ov du:m.  
 if ðis bi eror ænd upon mi pru:vd,  
 ij never writ, nor no: mæn ever lu(:)vd.

## FROM THE TEMPEST.

## ACT I. SCENE II.

æ:rɪel. soŋ.]

kum untu ðe:z jelo: sændz,  
 ænd ðen tæ:k hændz:  
 kurtsid hwen iu hæv ænd kist  
 de wijld wæ:vz hwist,  
 fut it fertli he:r ænd de:r;  
 ænd, swi:t sprijts, ðe burd,n be:r.

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burd,n (dispersedli).]

hærk, hærk! buw-wuw.  
 de wætʃ-dogz bærk: buw-wuw.

æ:rɪel.]

hærk, hærk! ij he:r  
 ðe stræin ov strutiŋ tʃæntikle:r  
 krij, kok-æ-did,l-duw.

385

*Ariell. Song.*

395 Full fadom fiue thy Father lies,  
 Of his bones are Corrall made:  
 Those are pearles that were his eies,  
 Nothing of him that doth fade,  
 But doth suffer a Sea-change  
 400 Into something rich, and strange:  
 Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell.

*Burthen.*Ding-dong.<sup>1</sup>*Ar.*<sup>2</sup>

Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.

\*                      \*

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## ACT IV. SCENE I.

OUR Reuels now are ended: These our actors,  
 (As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and  
 150 Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,  
 And like the bafeleffe fabricke of this vision  
 The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,  
 The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,  
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolue,  
 155 And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded  
 Leaue not a racke behinde: we are such stuffe  
 As dreames are made on; and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleepe.

\*                      \*

                    \*

<sup>1</sup> ding dong.<sup>2</sup> *Not in F.*

æ:riel. son.]

ful fædom fijv dij fæder lijz; 395

ov hiz bo:nz ær koræl mæ:d;

do:z ær pe(:)rlz dæt wer hiz ijz:

noθiŋ ov him dæt duθ fæ:d

but duθ sufer æ se:tfændz

intu sumθiŋ ritf ænd strændz. 400

se:nimfs uwrlī riŋ hiz knel:

burd,n.]

din-don.

æ:riel.]

hærk! nuw ij he:r dem, —din-don, bel.

\* \* \*

#### ACT IV. SCENE 1.

uwr rev,lz nuw ær ended. de:z uwr æktorz,

æz ij fo:rtould iu, wer a:l spirits ænd

ær melted intu æir, intu θin æir: 150

ænd, lik de bæ:sles fæbrik ov dis vizion,

de kluwd-kæpt tuwrz, de gordzjus pælæsez,

de solem temp,lz, de gre:t glo:b itself,

je:, a:l hwitf it inherit, sæl dizolv

ænd, lik dis insubstænsiæl pædʒent fæ:ded, 155

le:v not æ ræk bihijnd. wi æ:r sutf stuf

æz dre:mz ær mæ:d on, ænd uwr lit,l lijf

iz ruwnded wid æ sli:p.

\* \* \*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Ariell sings.*

WHERE the Bee sucks, there suck I,  
 In a Cowslips bell, I lie,  
 90 There I cowlch when Owles doe crie,  
 On the Batts backe I doe flie  
 After Sommer merrily.  
 Merrily, merrily, shall I liue now,  
 Under the blossom that hangs on the Bow.

---

## FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

*Song.*

WHO is Siluia? what is she?  
 40 That all our Swaines commend her?  
 Holy, faire, and wise is she,  
 The heauen such grace did lend her,  
 That she might admired be.  
 Is she kinde as she is faire?  
 45 For beauty liues with kindnesse:  
 Loue doth to her eyes repaire,  
 To helpe him of his blindnesse:  
 And being help'd, inhabits there.  
 Then to Siluia, let vs sing,  
 50 That Siluia is excelling;  
 She excels each mortall thing  
 Vpon the dull earth dwelling.  
 To her let vs Garlands bring.

---

## ACT V. SCENE I.

æ:rīel siŋz.]

hwe:r de bi: suks, de:r suk ij:  
 in æ kuwslips bel ij lij;  
 de:r ij kuwtŋ hwen uwlz du krij.  
 on de bæts bæk ij du flij  
 æfter sumer merilij.

90

merili, merili fæl ij liv nuw  
 under de blosom dæt hæŋz on de buw.

## FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

[soŋ.]

hwu: iz silviæ? hwæt iz fi:  
 dæt a:l uwr swæinz komend her?  
 ho:li, fæir, ænd wijz iz fi:  
 de he(:)vn sutŋ græ:s did lend her,  
 dæt fi milt ædmijred bi:.

40

iz fi kijnd æz fi iz fæir?  
 for beuti livz wið kijndnes.  
 luv duθ tu her ijz repæir,  
 tu help him ov hiz blijndnes,  
 ænd, bi:ij helpt. inhæbits de:r.

45

den tu silviæ let us siŋ,  
 dæt silviæ iz ekseliŋ;  
 fi: ekselz e:tf mortæl θiŋ  
 upon de dul e(:)rθ dweliŋ:  
 tu her let us gær lændz briŋ.

50

## FROM THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Shallow.* Sir *Hugh*, perfwade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir *Iohn Falstaffs*,<sup>1</sup> he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow* Esquire.

5 *Slen.* In the County of *Glocester*, Iustice of Peace and Coram.

*Shal.* I (Cofen *Slender*) and *Cust-alorum*.

*Slen.* I, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (Master Parson) who writes himsele  
10 *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

*Shal.* I that I doe, and haue done any time these three hundred yeeres.

*Slen.* All his successors (gone before him)  
15 hath don't: and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

*Shal.* It is an olde Coate.

*Euans.* The dozen white Lowfes doe become  
20 an old Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Loue.

*Shal.* The Luse is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old Coate.

. . . . .

*Fal.* Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

*Shal.* Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd  
115 my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

*Fal.* But not kils'd your Keepers daughter?

<sup>1</sup> *Falstaffs*.

## FROM THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

fælo:.] sir hiu, perswæ:d mi not: ij wil mæ:k æ stær-tfæmber mæter ov it: if hi wer twenti sir dzon fa:lstæfs, hi fæl not æbiuz robert fælo:, eskwi:r.

slender.] in de kuwnti ov gloster, dzustis ov 5 pe:s ænd ko:ræm.

fælo:.] ij, kuz,n slender, ænd kustælo:rum.

slender.] ij, ænd ræto-lo:rum tu:; ænd æ dzent,l-mæn born, mæster pæron; hwu: wri:ts himself ærmidzero:, in æni bil, wærænt, kwitæns, or obli- 10 gæ:sion, ærmidzero:.

fælo:.] ij, dæt ij du:; ænd hæv dun æni tijm ðe:z θri: hundred jer:z.

slender.] a:l hiz suksesorz go:n bifo:r him hæθ dunt, ænd a:l hiz ænsestorz dæt kum æfter him 15 mæi: dæi mæi giv de duz,n hwijt liusez in ðeir ko:t.

fælo:.] it iz æn ould ko:t.

evænz.] de duz,n hwijt luwsez du bikum æn ould ko:t wel; it ægri:z wel, pæsænt; it iz æ 20 fæmilæ:r be:st tu mæn, ænd signifijz luv.

fælo:.] de lius iz de fref fif; de sa:lt fif iz æn ould ko:t.

. . . . .

fa:lstæf.] nuw, mæster fælo:, iul komplæin ov mi tu de kij?

fælo:.] knijt, iu hæv be:t,n mij men, kild mij ðe:r, ænd bro:k o:p,n mij lodz. 115

fa:lstæf.] but not kist iur ki:perz dæ:ter?

*Shal.* Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd.

*Fal.* I will answer it straight, I have done all this:  
That is now answer'd.

120 *Shal.* The Councill shall know this.

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you if it were known  
in councill: you'll be laugh'd at.

*En.* *Pauca verba*; (Sir *Iohn*) good worts.

*Fal.* Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*,  
125 I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

*Slen.* Marry sir, I have matter in my head  
against you, and against your cony-catching Rascalls,  
*Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Pistoll*.

130 *Bar.* You Banbery Cheefe.

*Slen.* I, it is no matter.

*Pist.* How now, *Mephostophilus*?

*Slen.* I, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I say; *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's  
135 my humor.

*Slen.* Where's *Simple* my man? can you  
tell, Cofen?

*Ena.* Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnder-  
140 stand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I  
vnderstand; that is, Master *Page* (fidelicet Master  
*Page*) and there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe)  
and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Host  
of the Garter.<sup>1</sup>

*Ma. Pa.* We three to hear it, and end it be-  
145 tween them.

*Euan.* Ferry goot,<sup>2</sup> I will make a priefe of it  
in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke vpon  
the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

\*

\*

\*

<sup>1</sup> Gater.<sup>2</sup> goo't.

ƒælo:.] tut, æ pin! dis ƒæl bi ænswerd.

fa:lstæf.] ij wil ænswer it stræit; ij hæv dun a:l dis. ðæt iz nuw ænswerd.

ƒælo:.] ðe kuwnsel ƒæl kno: dis. 120

fa:lstæf.] twer beter for iu if it wer knoun in kuwnsel: iul bi læft æt.

evænz.] pa:kæ verbæ, sir dʒon; gud worts.<sup>1</sup>

fa:lstæf.] gud worts!<sup>1</sup> gud kæbidʒ. slender, ij bro:k iur hed: hwæt mæter hæv iu ægæinst mi:?<sup>125</sup>

slender.] mæri, sir, ij hæv mæter in mij hed ægæinst iu; ænd ægæinst iur kuni-kætfij ræskælz, bærdolf, nim, ænd pistol.

bærdolf.] iu bænberi tʃi:z! 130

slender.] ij, it iz no mæter.

pistol.] huw nuw, mefostofilus!

slender.] ij, it iz no mæter.

nim. slijs, ij ʒæi! pa:kæ, pa:kæ: slijs! ðæts mij hiumor. 135

slender.] hwe:rz simp,l, mij mæn? kæn iu tel, kuz,n?

evænz.] pe:s, ij præi iu. nuw let us understænd. der iz θri: umpijrz in dis mæter, æz ij<sup>140</sup> understænd; ðæt iz, mæster pæ:dʒ, fideliset mæster pæ:dʒ; ænd der iz mijself, fideliset mijself; ænd ðe θri: pærti iz, læstli ænd fijnæli, mijn ho:st ov de gærter.

mæster pæ:dʒ.] wi: θri:, tu he:r it ænd end it bitwi:n dem. 145

evænz.] feri gut: ij wil mæ:k æ pri:f ov it in mij no:t-bu:k; ænd wi wil æfterwærdz urk upon de ka:z wid æz gre:t diskritli æz wi kæn.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Or wurts.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

10 *Mist. Pag.* HOW now Sir *Hugh*, no Schoole to day?

*Eua.* No: Master *Slender* is let the Boyes leaue to play.

*Qui.* 'Blessing of his heart.

15 *Mist. Pag.* Sir *Hugh*, my husband saies my sonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke: I pray you aske him some questions in his Accidence.

*Eu.* Come hither *William*; hold vp your head; come.

20 *Mist. Pag.* Come-on Sirha; hold vp your head; answere your Master, be not afraid.

*Eua.* *William*, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

*Will.* Two.

*Qui.* Truly, I thought there had bin one  
25 Number more, because they say od's-Nownes.

*Eua.* Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Faire*) *William*?

*Will.* *Pulcher.*

*Qu.* Powlcats? there are fairer things then  
30 Powlcats, fure.

*Eua.* You are a very simplicity 'oman:<sup>1</sup> I pray you peace. What is (*Lapis*) *William*?

*Will.* A Stone.

*Eua.* And what is a Stone (*William*?)

35 *Will.* A Peeble.

*Eua.* No; it is *Lapis*: I pray you remember in your praine.

*Will.* *Lapis.*

<sup>1</sup> o'man.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] huw nuw, sir hiu! no: sku:l<sup>10</sup>  
tu-dæi?

evænz.] no:; mæster slender iz let ðe boiz le:v  
tu plæi.

kwikli.] blesin ov hiz hært!

mistres pæ:dʒ.] sir hiu, mij huzbænd sæiz mij  
sun profits noθin in ðe world æt his bu:k. ij præi<sup>15</sup>  
iu, æsk him sum kwestionz in hiz æksidens.

evænz.] kum hider, wilǽm; hould up iur  
hed; kum.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] kum on, siræ; hould up iur<sup>20</sup>  
hed; ænswe'r iur mæster, bi: not æfræid. †

evænz.] wilǽm, huw mæni numberz iz in  
nuwnz?

wilǽm.] tu:.

kwikli. triuli, ij θout ðer hæd bin o:n number<sup>25</sup>  
mo:r, bika:z ðæi sæi, "odz nuwnz."

evænz.] pe:s iur tætlinʒ! hwæt iz "fæir,"  
wilǽm?

wilǽm.] pulker.

kwikli.] poulkæts! ðer ær fæirer θinʒ ðæn<sup>30</sup>  
poulkæts, siur.

evænz.] iu ær æ veri simplisiti umæn: ij præi  
iu, pe:s. hwæt iz "læpis," wilǽm?

wilǽm.] æ sto:n.

evænz.] ænd hwæt iz æ sto:n, wilǽm?

wilǽm.] æ pi:b,l.<sup>35</sup>

evænz.] no:, it iz "læpis:" ij præi iu, remember  
in iur præin.

wilǽm.] læpis.

40 *Eua.* That is a good *William*: what is he  
(*William*) that do's lend Articles.

*Will.* Articles are borrowed of the Pronoun; and be thus declined. *Singulariter nominatiuo hic, hæc, hoc.*

45 *Eua.* *Nominatiuo hig, hag, hog*: pray you marke: *genitiuo huius*: Well: what is your *Accusatiue-case*?

*Will.* *Accusatiuo hinc.*

*Eua.* I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) *Accusatiuo hing, hang, hog.*

50 *Qu.* Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

. . . . .

*Eu.* Shew me now (*William*) some declensions of your Pronouns.

*Will.* Forsooth, I haue forgot.

80 *Eu.* It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you must be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

*M. Pag.* He is a better scholler then I thought he was.

85 *Eu.* He is a good sprag-memory: Farewel  
*Mis. Page.*

*Mif. Page.* Adieu good Sir *Hugh*: Get you home boy, Come we stay too long.

evænz.] dæt iz æ gud wilǣm. hwæt iz hi;  
wilǣm, dæt duz lend ærtik,lz? 40

wilǣm.] ærtik,lz ær boroud ov ðe pro:nuwn,  
ænd bi dus deklind, siŋgiuke:riter, nominætijvo:;  
hik, hæc,<sup>1</sup> hok.

evænz.] nominætijvo:, hig, hæg, hog: præi iu,  
mærk: dʒenitijvo:, hiudʒus. wel, hwæt iz iur ækiuzæ- 45  
tiv kæ:s?

wilǣm.] ækiuzætijvo:, hiŋk.

evænz.] ij præi iu, hæ:v iur remembræns, tʃijld;  
ækiuzætijvo:, huŋg, hæŋg, hog.

kwikli.] "hæŋ-hog" iz læt,n for bæ:k,n, ij 50  
wærænt iu.

. . . . .

evænz.] fo: mi nuw, wilǣm, sum deklensʒonʒ  
ov iur pro:nuwnʒ.

wilǣm.] forsu:θ, ij hæv forgot.

evænz.] it iz kwij, kwe:, kwod: if iu forget  
iur "kwijz," iur "kwe:z," ænd iur "kwodz," iu 80  
must bi pri:tʃez. go: iur wæiz, ænd plæi; go:.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] hi iz æ beter skoler den ij  
θout hi wæz.

evænz.] hi iz æ gud spræg memori. fæ:rwel, 85  
mistres pæ:dʒ.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] ædiu, gud sir hiu. get iu  
ho:m, boi. kum, wi stæi tu: loŋ.

<sup>1</sup> Or heʒ:k; but cf. l. 44.

## FROM MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

## ACT II. SCENE II.

*Ifab.* YET fhew fome pittie.

100 *Ang.* I fhew it moft of all, when I fhew Iuftice;  
 For then I pittie thofe I doe not know,  
 Which a difmis'd offence, would after gaule  
 And doe him right, that anfwering one foule wrong  
 Liues not to act another. Be fatisfied;  
 105 Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

*Ifab.* So you muft be the firft that giues this  
 fentence,

And hee, that fuffers: Oh, it is excellent  
 To haue a Giants ftrengh: but it is tyrannous  
 To vfe it like a Giant.

*Luc.* That's well faid.

110 *Ifab.* Could great men thunder  
 As *Ioue* himfelfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet,  
 For euery pelting petty Officer  
 Would vfe his heauen for thunder;  
 Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,  
 115 Thou rather with thy fharpe and fulpherous bolt  
 Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,  
 Then the soft Mertill: But man, proud man,  
 Dreft in a little brieft authoritie,  
 Moft ignorant of what he's moft affur'd,  
 120 (His glafsie Effence) like an angry Ape  
 Plaies fuch phantaftique tricks before high heauen,  
 As makes the Angels weepe: who with our fpleenes,  
 Would all themfelues laugh mortall.

\*

\*

\*

FROM MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT II. SCENE II.

izæbelæ.]                      jīt so: sum piti.

ændzelo:} ij fo: it mo:st ov a:l hwen ij fo: dʒustis; 100  
for den ij piti do:z ij du not kno:.

hwitf æ dīsmist ofens wu:ld æfter gæl;

ænd du: him rijt dæt, ænswerin o:n fuwl wron,

livz not tu ækt ænuder. bi: sætisfijd;

iur bruder dijz tu-moro; bi: kontent. 105

izæbelæ.] so iu must bi de first ðæt givz dis  
sentens.

ænd hi:, dæt suferz. o:, it iz ekselent

tu hæ:v æ dzijænts strenθ; but it iz tirænus

tu iuz it lijk æ dzijaent.

liusio:.]                      dæts wel sæid.

izæbelæ.] ku:ld gre:t men θunder 110

æz dʒo:v himself du:z, dʒo:v wu:ld neɪr bi kwijet,

for ev(e)ri peltin, peti ofiser

wuld iuz hiz he(:)vn for thunder;

nothin but thunder! mersiful he(:)vn,

duw ræder wid dij særp ænd sulf(e)rus boult 115

splits de unwedzab, l aend gnaerled o:k

den de soft mirt, l: but mæn, pruwd mæn,

dress in æ lit, l bri:f a:θoriti.

mo:st ignorant of hwæt hi:z mo:st æsiurd,

hiz glæsi esens, lijk æn ængri æ:p, 120

plæiz sutf fæntæstik triks bifo:r hij he(:)vn

æz mæ:ks de ændʒ,lz wi:p; hwu:, wid uwr spli:nz,

wu:ld a:l demselvz læf mortæl.

\* \* \*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*I/a.* WHAT saies my brother?

*Cla.* Death is a fearefull thing.

*I/a.* And fhamed life, a hatefull.

*Cla.* I, but to die, and go we know not where,

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,

120 This fenfible warme motion, to become

A kneaded clod; And the delighted fpirit

To bath in fierie floods, or to recide

In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,

To be imprifon'd in the viewleffe windes

125 And blowne with reftleffe violence round about

The pendant world: or to be worfe then worft

Of thofe, that lawleffe and incertaine thought,

Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.

The wearieft, and moft loathed worldly life

130 That Age, Ache, peniury,<sup>1</sup> and imprifonment

Can lay on nature, is a Paradife

To what we feare of death.

\* \* \*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Song.*

TAKE, oh take thofe lips away,

That fo fweetly were forfworne,

And thofe eyes: the breake of day,

Lights that do miflead the Morne,

5 But my kifles bring againe, bring againe,

Seales of loue, but feal'd in vaine, feal'd in  
vaine.

<sup>1</sup> periury.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

izæbelæ.] hwæt sæiz nij bruder?

kla:dīo:.] de(:)θ iz æ fe:rful θij.

izæbelæ.] ænd fæ:med lijf æ hæ:tful.

kla:dīo:.] ij, but tu dij, ænd go: wi kno: not hwe:r;

tu lij in kould obstruksion ænd tu rot;

dis sensib,l wærm mo:sion tu bikum 120

æ kne(:)ded klod; ænd de delijted spirit

tu bæ:d in fijri fludz, or tu rezijd

in θriliη re:dʒion ov θik-ribed ijs;

tu bi impriz,nd in de viules wijndz.

ænd bloun wid restles vij(o)lens ruwnd æbuwt 125

de pendænt world; or tu bi wurs den wurst

ov do:z dæt la:les ænd insertæin θout

imædʒin huwliη: tiz tu: horib,l!

de we:rriest ænd mo:st lo:dæd worldli lijf

dæt æ:dʒ, æ:tʃ, peniurī ænd impriz,nment 130

kæn læi on næ:tiur iz æ pærædijs

tu hwæt wi fe:r ov de(:)θ.

\* \* \*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

[soη.]

tæk, o:, tæk do:z lips æwæi,

dæt so swit:tli wer forsworn;

ænd do:z ijz, de bre:k ov dæi,

lijts dæt du misle:d de morn:

but mij kisez briη ægæin, briη ægæin; 5

se:lz ov luv, but se:ld in væin, se:ld in

væin.

## FROM MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

## ACT II. SCENE III.

*Song.*

SIGH no more Ladies, sigh no more,  
 65 Men were deceiuers euer,  
 One foote in Sea, and one on shore,  
 To one thing constant neuer,  
 Then sigh not so, but let them goe,  
 And be you blithe and bonnie,  
 70 Conuerting all your sounds of woe,  
 Into hey nony nony.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,  
 Of dumps so dull and heauy,  
 The fraud of men was<sup>1</sup> ever so,  
 75 Since summer first was leauy,  
 Then sigh not so, &c.

\* \* \*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Hero.* O GOD of loue! I know he doth deferue,  
 As much as may be yeelded to a man.  
 But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,  
 50 Of prowder stufte then that of *Beatrice*:  
 Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,  
 Mis-prizing what they looke on, and her wit  
 Values it selfe so highly, that to her  
 All matter else seemes weake: she cannot loue,  
 55 Nor take no shape nor proiect of affection,  
 Shee is so selfe indeared.

<sup>1</sup> were *F*, was *Q*.

## FROM MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

## ACT II. SCENE III.

[soj.]

sij no mo:r, læ:diz, sij no mo:r,  
 men wer dese:verz ever, 65  
 o:n fult in se: ænd o:n on fo:r,  
 tu o:n θij konstænt never:  
 den sij not so:, but let dem go:,  
 ænd bi: iu blijð ænd boni,  
 konværtij a:l iur suwndz ov wo: 70  
 intu hæi noni, noni.

sij no mo:r ditiz, sij no mo:,  
 ov dumps so dul ænd he:vi;  
 de fra:d ov men wæz ever so:,  
 sins sumer first wæz le:vi: 75  
 den sij not so:, &c.

\*       \*       \*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

he:ro:.] o: god ov luv! ij kno: hi duθ dezerv  
 æz mutf æz mæi bi jildded tu æ mæn:  
 but næ:tiur never fræ:md æ wumænz hært  
 ov pruwder stuf den dæt ov be:etris; 50  
 disdæin ænd skorn rijd spærkliij in her ijz,  
 mispriizing hwæt dæi luk on, ænd her wit  
 væliuz itself so hijli dæt tu her  
 a:l mæter els simz we:k: fi kanot luv,  
 nor tæk no fæ:p nor prodzekt ov æfeksion, 55  
 fi iz so self-inde:rd.

*Vrsula.* Sure I thinke so,  
And therefore certainly it were not good  
She knew his loue, left she make sport at it.

*Hero.* Why you speake truth, I neuer yet saw  
man,

60 How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd,  
But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,  
She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister:  
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,  
Made a foul blot: if tall. a launce ill headed:

65 If low, an agot very vildlie cut:  
If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:  
If silent, why a blocke moued with none.  
So turnes she euery man the wrong side out,  
And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that  
70 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

\*       \*       \*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Bene.* LADY *Beatrice*, haue you wept all this  
while?

*Beat.* Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.

*Bene.* I will not desire that.

260 *Beat.* You haue no reason, I doe it freely.

*Bene.* Surelie I do beleue your fair cofin is  
wrong'd.

*Beat.* Ah, how much might the man deserue  
of mee that would right her!

265 *Bene.* Is there any way to shew such friendship?

*Beat.* A verie euen way, but no such friend.

*Bene.* May a man doe it?

*Beat.* It is a mans office, but not yours.

ursiulæ.] siur, ij ðiŋk so; ;  
 ænd ðe:rfor: sertæinli it wer not gud  
 fi kniu hiz luv, lest fi mæ:k sport æt it.  
 he:ro:.] hwij, iu spe:k triuθ. ij never jit sa:  
 mæn,  
 huw wijz, huw no:b,l, juŋ, huw ræ:rli fe:tiurd, 60  
 but fi wu:ld spel him bækwærd: if fæir-fæ:st,  
 fi:ld swe:r de dʒent,lmæn fu:ld bi her sister;  
 if blæk, hwij, næ:tiur, dra:iŋ ov æn æntik,  
 mæ:d æ fuwl blot; if ta:l, æ læns il-heded;  
 if lo:, æn ægæt<sup>1</sup> veri vijldli kut; 65  
 if spe:kiŋ, hwij, æ væ:n bloun wið a:l wijndz;  
 if sijlent, hwij æ blok mu:ved wið no:n.  
 so turnz fi ev(e)ri mæn de wroŋ sijð uwt,  
 ænd never givz tu triuθ ænd vertiu dæt  
 hwitf simp,lnes ænd merit purtʃæseθ. 70

\* \* \*

#### ACT IV. SCENE I.

benedik.] læ:di be:ætris, hæv iu wept a:l dis  
 hwijl?  
 be:ætris.] je:, ænd ij wil wi:p æ hwijl loŋger.  
 benedik.] ij wil not dezi:r dæt.  
 be:ætris.] iu hæv no rez:n; ij du: it fri:li. 260  
 benedik.] siurli ij du bili:v iur fæir kuz:n iz  
 wroŋd.  
 be:ætris.] æh, huw mutf mi:t de mæn dezerv  
 ov mi dæt wu:ld ri:t her!  
 benedik.] iz der æni wæi tu fo: sutf frendʃip? 265  
 be:ætris.] æ veri i:v,n wæi, but no: sutf frend.  
 benedik.] mæi æ mæn du: it?  
 be:ætris.] it iz æ mænz ofis, but not iurz.

<sup>1</sup> *Hardly* ægot.

*Bene.* I doe loue nothing in the world so well  
270 as you, is not that strange?

*Beat.* As strange as the thing I know not,  
it were as possible for me to say, I loued nothing  
so well as you, but belecue me not, and yet I lie  
275 not, I confesse nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am  
sorry for my coulin.

*Bene.* By my sword *Beatrice* thou lou'ft me.

*Beat.* Doe not sweare by it and eat it.

*Bene.* I will sweare by it that you loue mee,  
and I will make him eat it that sayes I loue not you.

280 *Beat.* Will you not eat your word?

*Bene.* With no sawce that can be deuised to  
it, I protest I loue thee.

*Beat.* Why then God forgiue me.

*Bene.* What offence sweet *Beatrice*?

285 *Beat.* You haue stayd me in a happy howre,  
I was about to protest I loued you.

*Bene.* And doe it with all thy heart.

*Beat.* I |loue you with so much of my heart,  
that none is left to protest.

## FROM LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

### ACT II. SCENE I.

ANOTHER of these Students at that time,  
65 Was there with him, if<sup>1</sup> I haue heard a truth.

*Berowne* they call him, but a merrier man,  
Within the limit of becomming mirth,  
I neuer spent an houres talke withall.

<sup>1</sup> as *F*, if *Q*.

benedik.] ij du luv noθiŋ in de world so wel  
æz iu: iz not ðæt strændz? 270

be:ætris.] æz ʹstrændz æz de θiŋ ij kno: not,  
it wer æz poʹsiβ,l for mi tu sæi ij luvd noθiŋ so  
wel æz iu: but bili:v mi not; ænd jīt ij lij not;  
ij konfes noθiŋ, nor ij denij noθiŋ. ij æm sori 275  
for mij kuz,n.

benedik.] bij mij sword, be:ætris, duw luvst mi:.

be:ætris.] du: not swe:r bij it, ænd e:t it.

benedik.] ij wil swe:r bij it ðæt iu luv mi;;  
ænd ij wil mæ:k him e:t it ðæt sæiz ij luv not iu.

be:ætris.] wil iu not e:t iur word? 280

benedik.] wið no: sa:s ðæt kæn bi devijzd tu  
it. ij protest ij luv di:.

be:ætris.] hwij den, god forgiv mi:!

benedik.] hwæt ofens, swi:t be:ætris?

be:ætris.] iu hæv stæid mi in æ hæpi uwr: 285  
ij wæz æbuwt tu protest ij luvd iu.

benedik.] ænd du: it wið a:l dij hært.

be:ætris.] ij luv iu wið so mutʃ ov mij hært  
ðæt no:n iz left tu protest.

## FROM LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

### ACT II. SCENE I.

ænuder ov de:z stiudents æt ðæt tijm  
wæz de:r wið him, if ij hæv hærd æ triuθ. 65  
beruwn dæi ka:l him; but æ merʹer mæn,  
widin de limit ov bikumiŋ mirθ,  
ij never spent æn uw,rz ta:k wiða:l:

His eye begets occasion for his wit,  
 70 For euery obiect that the one doth catch,  
 The other turnes to a mirth-mouing iest,  
 Which his faire tongue (conceits expofitor)  
 Deliuers in fuch apt and gracious words,  
 That aged eares play treuant at his tales,  
 75 And yonger hearings are quite rauifhed.  
 So fweet and voluble is his difcourfe.

\*                      \*

#### ACT IV. SCENE III.

O WE haue made a Vow to ftudie, Lords,  
 And in that vow we haue forfworne our Bookes:  
 320 For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?  
 In leaden contemplation haue found out  
 Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,  
 Of beauties tutors haue inrich'd you with:  
 Other flow Arts intirely keepe the braine:  
 325 And therefore finding barraine practizers,  
 Scarce fhew a harueft of their heauy toyle.  
 But Loue firft learned in a Ladies eyes,  
 Liues not alone emured in the braine:  
 But with the motion of all elements,  
 330 Courfes as fwift as thought in euery power,  
 And giues to euery power a double power,  
 Aboue their functions and their offices.  
 It addes a precious feeing to the eye:  
 A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde,  
 335 A Louers eare will heare the loweft found  
 When the fufpicious head of theft is ftopt.  
 Loues feeling is more foft and fenfible,  
 Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.

hiz ij bigets okæ:zïon for hiz wit;  
 for ev(e)ri obdʒekt dæt de o:n duθ kætf 70  
 de uder turnz tu æ mirθ-mu:viŋ dʒest,  
 hwitf hiz fæir tun, konsæits ekspozitor,  
 deliverz in sutf æpt ænd græ:sïus wordz  
 dæt æ:dʒed e:rz plæi triuænt æt hiz tæ:lz  
 ænd junger he:riŋz ær kwijt ræviʃed; 75  
 so swit ænd voliub,l iz hiz disku:rs.

\*                      \*

#### ACT IV. SCENE III.

o:, wi hæv mæ:d æ vuw tu studi, lordz,  
 ænd in dæt vuw wi hæv forsworn uwr buks.  
 for hwen wu:ld iu, mij li:dʒ, or iu, or iu, 320  
 in le(:)d,n kontemplæ:sïon hæv fuwnd uwt  
 sutf fijri numberz æz de promptiŋ iʒ  
 ov beutiz tiutorz hæv inritʃt iu wiθ?  
 uder slo: ærts intijrli ki:p de bræin;  
 ænd de:rfo:r, fijndiŋ bæ:ræin præktiserz, 325  
 skærs fo: æ hærvest ov dæir he(:)vi toil:  
 but luv, first lerned in æ læ:diz iʒ,  
 livz not ælo:n imiured in de bræin;  
 but, wid de mo:sïon ov a:l elements,  
 kursez æz swift æz θout in ev(e)ri puwr, 330  
 ænd givz tu ev(e)ri puwr æ dub,l puwr,  
 æbuv dæir funk:sïonz ænd dæir ofisez.  
 it ædz æ presïus si:ŋ tu de ij;  
 æ luvæz iʒ wil gæ:z æn eig,l bli:nd;  
 æ luvæz e: wil he:r de lo:est suwnd. 335  
 hwen de suspisïus hed ov θeft iz stopt:  
 luvz fi:liŋ iz mo:r soft ænd sensib,l  
 den ær de tender hornz ov kokled snæilz;

Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bachus* grosse in taste,  
 340 For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules*?  
 Still climing trees in the *Hesperides*.  
 Subtill as *Sphinx*, as sweet and musically,  
 As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his haire.  
 And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Gods,  
 345 Make heauen drowlie with the harmonie.  
 Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write,  
 Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues fighes:  
 O then his lines would rauish sauage eares,  
 And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.  
 350 From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.  
 They sparcle still the right promethean fire,  
 They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,  
 That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.  
 Else none at all in aught proues excellent.

\*                      \*

#### ACT V. SCENE II.

*Spring.*<sup>1</sup>

WHEN Dafies pied, and Violets blew,  
 905 And Ladie-smockes all siluer white:  
 And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew,  
 Do paint the Medowes with delight:<sup>2</sup>  
 The Cuckow then on euerie tree,  
 Mockes married men, for thus sings he,  
 910 Cuckow.  
 Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,  
 Vnpleasing to a married care.

<sup>1</sup> *Not in F.*  
 906, 905, 907.

<sup>2</sup> *Ll. 904 to 907 arranged 904,*

luvz tuŋ pru:vz dəinti bækus gro:s in tæ:st:  
 for vælor, iz not luv æ herkiule:z. 340  
 stil klijmɪŋ tri:z in de hesperide:z?  
 subtil æz sfɪŋks; æz swi:t ænd miuzikæl  
 æz bri:t æpolo:z liut, struŋ wid hiz hæir:  
 ænd hwen luv spe:ks, de vois ov a:l de godz  
 mæ:k he(:)v,n druwzi wid de hæmoni. 345  
 never durst pø:et tutʃ æ pen tu wri:t  
 until hiz iŋk wer tempred wid luvz si:z;  
 o:, den hiz lijnz wuld ræviʃ sævædʒ e:r:z  
 ænd plænt in tijrænts mijd hiumiliti.  
 from wimenz i:z dis doktrin ij derijv: 350  
 dæi spærk,l stil de ri:t prome:θiæn fi:r;  
 dæi ær de bu:ks, de ærts, de ækæde:mz,  
 dæt fo:, kontæin ænd nurif a:l de world:  
 els nom æt a:l in æt pru:vz ekselent.

\*                      \*

#### ACT V. SCENE II.

[sprɪŋ.]

hwen dæiziz pi:d ænd vij(o)lets bliu  
     ænd læ:di-smoks a:l silver hwijt 905  
 ænd kukuw-budz ov jelo: hiu  
     du pæint de medouz wid delijt,  
 de kukuw den, on ev(e)ri tri:,  
 moks mærid men; for dus si:z hi:,  
     kukuw; 910  
 kukuw, kukuw: o: word ov fe:r,  
 unple:ziŋ tu æ mærid e:r!

When Shepherds pipe on Oaten strawes,  
 And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:  
 915 When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,  
 And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:  
 The Cuckow then on euerie tree  
 Mockes married men; for thus sings he.  
 Cuckow.  
 920 Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,  
 Vnpleasing to a married care.

*Winter.*

When Ificles hang by the wall,  
 And Dicke the Shepheard<sup>1</sup> blowes his naile;  
 And Tom beares Logges into the hall,  
 925 And Milke comes frozen home in paile:  
 When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,  
 Then nightly sings the staring Owle,  
 Tu-whit.<sup>2</sup>  
 Tu-whit to-who: A merrie note.  
 930 While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.  
 When all aloud the winde doth blow,  
 And coffing drownes the Parsons law:  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:  
 When roasted Crabs hisse in the bowle,  
 Then nightly sings the staring Owle,  
 Tu-whit.<sup>2</sup>  
 Tu whit to-who: A merrie note,  
 While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

<sup>1</sup> Sphepheard.

<sup>2</sup> *Not in QF.*

hwen ʃepherdz pi:p on o:t,n stra:z  
 ænd meri lærks ær pluwmənz kloks,  
 hwen turt,lz tre(:)d, ænd ru:ks, ænd da:z, 915  
 ænd mæid,nz ble:tʃ ðæir sʊmər smoks,  
 ðe kukuw ðen, on ev(e)ri tri:,  
 moks mærid mən; fɔr ðʊs siŋz hi:,  
 kukuw;  
 kukuw, kukuw: o: wɔrd ɒv fe:r, 920  
 ʊnple:ziŋ tu æ mærid e:r!

[winter.]

hwen ijsik,lz hæŋ bi: ðe wa:l  
 ænd dik ðe ʃepherd blouz hiz næil  
 ænd tɒm be:rz lɔgz ɪntu ðe ha:l  
 ænd milk kʊmz fro:z,n ho:m ɪn pæil, 925  
 hwen blʊd ɪz nipt ænd wæiz bi fuwl,  
 ðen ni:tli siŋz ðe stæ:riŋ uwl,  
 tiu-hwit;  
 tiu-hwit, tu-hwu:, æ meri nɔ:t,  
 hwɪjl gre:si dʒo:n duθ ki:l ðe pɒt. 930  
 hwen a:l æluwd ðe wi:jnd duθ blɔ:  
 ænd kɒfiŋ druwnz ðe pæ:rsɒnz sɑ:  
 ænd bɜ:dz sit bru:diŋ ɪn ðe snɔ:  
 ænd mæriænz nɔ:z lu:ks red ænd rɑ:,  
 hwen rɔ:stɛd kræbz his ɪn ðe bu:l, 935  
 ðen ni:tli siŋz ðe stæ:riŋ uwl,  
 tiu-hwit;  
 tiu-hwit, tu-hwu:, æ meri nɔ:t,  
 hwɪjl gre:si dʒo:n duθ ki:l ðe pɒt.

## FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

## FROM ACT II. SCENE 1.

*Ob.* . . . . .

MY gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembreft  
 Since once I sat vpon a promontory,  
 150 And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,  
 Vttering fuch dulcet and harmonious breath,  
 That the rude sea grew ciuill at her fong,  
 And certaine ftarres fhoot madly from their Spheares,  
 To heare the Sea-maids muficke.

*Puc.* I remember.

155 *Ob.* That very time I faw <sup>1</sup> (but thou couldft not)  
 Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,  
*Cupid* all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke  
 At a faire Vefall, throned by the Weft,  
 And loos'd his loue-fhaft fmartly from his bow,  
 160 As it fhould pierce a hundred thoufand hearts,  
 But I might fee young *Cupids* fiery fhafte  
 Quencht in the chafte beames of the watry Moone;  
 And the imperiall Votrefse paffed on,  
 In maiden meditation, fancy free.  
 165 Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.  
 It fell vpon a little wefterne flower;  
 Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,  
 And maidens call it, Loue in idleneffe.  
 Fetch me that flower; the hearb I fhew'd thee  
 once,  
 170 The iuyce of it, on fleeping eye-lids laid,  
 Will make or man or woman madly dote

<sup>1</sup> fay *F*, faw *Q*.

## FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

## FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

oberon.] . . . . .

mij dzent, l puk, kum heder. ðuw remembrest  
 sins o:ns ij sæt upon æ promontori,  
 ænd hærd æ me(:)rmæid on æ dolfinz bæc 150  
 ut(e)riŋ sutſ dulset ænd hærmo:nūs bre(:)θ  
 ðæt ðe riud se: griu sivil æt her soŋ  
 ænd sertæin stærz fot mædli from ðæir sfe:rz,  
 tu he:r de se:mæidz miuzik.?

puk.] ij remember.

oberon.] ðæt veri tijm ij sa:, but ðuw ku:ldst not, 155  
 flijing bitwi:n ðe kould mu:n ænd de e(:)rθ,  
 kiupid a:l ærmd: æ sertæin æim hi tu:k  
 æt æ fæir vestæl θro:ned bij de west,  
 ænd lu:st hiz luv-ſæft smærtli from hiz bo:,  
 æz it fu:ld pe:rs æ hundred θuwzænd hærts; 160  
 but ij mijt si: juŋ kiupidz fijri ſæft  
 kwentſt in ðe tſæ(:)st be:mz ov de wæt(e)ri mu:n,  
 ænd ðe impe:rſæl vo:t(æ)res pæsed on,  
 in mæid,n meditæ:sſon, ſænsi-fri:.  
 jit mærkt ij hwe:r ðe boult ov kiupid fel: 165  
 it fel upon æ lit, l western fluwr,  
 bifo:r milk-hwijt, nuw purp, l wid luvz wuwnd,  
 ænd mæid,nz ka:l it luv-in-ijð, lnes.  
 fetſ mi ðæt fluwr; de herb ij ſoud ði o:ns:

de dzius ov it on sli:piŋ ij-lidz læid 170  
 wil mæ:k or mæn or wumæn mædli do:t

Vpon the next liue creature that it sees.

Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,  
Ere the *Leuiathan* can swim a league.

175 *Pucke.* Ile put a girdle round<sup>1</sup> about the earth,  
In forty minutes.<sup>2</sup> . . . . .

\* \* \*

FROM ACT II. SCENE II.

*Fairies Sing.*

YOU spotted Snakes with double tongue,  
10 Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,  
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,  
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.  
Philomele with melodie,  
Sing in our<sup>3</sup> sweet Lullaby,  
15 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,  
Neuer harme,  
Nor spell, nor charme,  
Come our louely Lady nye,  
So good night with Lullaby.

2. *Fairy.*

20 Weauing Spiders come not heere,  
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:  
Beetles blacke approach not neere;  
Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.  
Philomele with melody, &c.

1. *Fairy.*

25 Hence away, now all is well;  
One aloofe, stand Centinell.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> round *om. F*, round *Q*.      <sup>2</sup> *Ll.* 175, 176 printed as  
*prose.*      <sup>3</sup> your *F*, our *Q*.

upon de nekst lijv kre:tiur dæt it si:z.  
 fetf mi ðis herb; ænd bi: ðuw her ægæin  
 e:r de leviæθæn kæn swim æ le:g.

puk.] ijl put æ gird,l ruwnd æbuwt de e(:)rθ 175  
 in fo:rti miniuts. . . . .

\* \* \*

## FROM ACT II. SCENE II.

[fæiriz siŋ.]

iu spotted snæ:ks wið dub,l tuŋ,  
 θorni hedʒhogz, bi: not si:n; 10  
 niuts ænd blijnd-wurmz, du: no wroŋ,  
 kum not ne:r uwr fæiri kwi:n.

filomel, wið melodij  
 siŋ in uwr swi:t lulæbij;  
 lulæ, lulæ, lulæbij, lulæ, lulæ, lulæbij: 15  
 ne(:)ver hærm,  
 nor spel nor tfærm,  
 kum uwr luvlij læ:di nij;  
 so:, gud nijt, wið lulæbij.

sekond fæiri.]

we:viŋ spijderz, kum not he:r; 20  
 hens, iu loŋ-legd spinnerz, hens!  
 bi:t,lz blæk, æpro:tf not ne:r;  
 wurm nor snæil, du: no: ofens.  
 filomel, wið melodij, &c.

first fæiri.]

hens, æwæi! nuw a:l iz wel: 25  
 o:n ælu:f stænd sentinel.

\* \* \*

## FROM ACT III. SCENE I.

115 *Bot.* WHY do they run away? This is a  
knauery of them to make me afeard.

*Sn.* O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe  
I see on thee?

*Bot.* What do you see? You see an Affe-  
120 head of your owne, do you?

*Pct.* Blesse thee *Bottomc*, blesse thee; thou  
art tranflated.

*Bot.* I see their knauery; this is to make an  
125 affe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will  
not stirre from this place, do what they can. I will  
walke vp and downe here, and I will sing that  
they shall heare I am not afraid.

The Woofell cocke, so blacke of hew,  
With Orenge-tawny bill.  
130 The Throstle, with his note so true,  
The Wren with<sup>1</sup> little quill.

*Tyta.* What Angell wakes me from my  
flowry bed?

*Bot.*

The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,  
The plainfong Cuckow gray;  
135 Whose note full many a man doth marke,  
And dares not anfwere, nay.

For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish  
a bird? Who would giue a bird the lye, though  
he cry Cuckow, neuer so?

<sup>1</sup> and *F*, with *Q*.

## FROM ACT III. SCENE I.

botom.] hwij du ðæi run æwæi? ðis iz æ<sup>115</sup>  
knæ:veri ov ðem tu mæ:k mi æfe:rd.

snuwt.] o: botom, duw ært tʃændʒd! hwæt  
du ij si: on ði:?

botom.] hwæt du iu si: ? iu si: æn æs-hed ov<sup>120</sup>  
iur oun, du: iu?

per:ter.] bles di:, botom! bles di: ! duw ært  
træns-læ:ted.

botom.] ij si: ðæir knæ:veri: ðis iz tu mæ:k  
æn æs ov mi:; tu frijt mi:, if ðæi ku:ld. but ij wil<sup>125</sup>  
not stur from ðis plæ:s, du: hwæt ðæi kæn: ij wil  
wa:k up ænd duwn he:r, ænd ij wil siŋ, ðæt ðæi  
ʃæl he:r ij æm not æfræid.

ðe wu:z,l kok so blæk ov hiu,  
wid orændʒ-ta:ni bil,  
ðe θrost,l wid hiz no:t so triu,  
ðe wren wid lit,l kwil,—

180

titæ:nǣe.] hwæt ændʒ,l wæ:ks mi from mi  
fluwri bed?

botom.]

ðe fintʃ, ðe spæro: ænd ðe lærk,  
ðe plæin-soŋ kukuw græi,  
hwu:z no:t ful mænǣ æ mæn duθ mærk,<sup>135</sup>  
ænd dæ:rz not ænswer næi;—

for, indi:d, hwu: wu:ld set hiz wit tu so fu:lif æ  
bird? hwu: wu:ld giv æ bird ðe lij, ðou hi krij  
“kukuw” never so:?

140 *Tyta.* I pray thee gentle mortall, ling againe,  
 Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;  
 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,  
 And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me <sup>1</sup>  
 On the first view to say, to sweare I loue thee.

145 *Bot.* Me-thinkes mistresse, you should haue  
 little reason for that: and yet to say the truth,  
 reason and loue keepe little company together,  
 now-adayes. The more the pittie, that some honest  
 neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I  
 150 can gleeke vpon occasion.

*Tyta.* Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

*Bot.* Not so neither: but if I had wit enough  
 to get out of this wood, I haue enough to serue  
 mine owne turne.

155 *Tyta.* Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,  
 Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.  
 I am a spirit of no common rate:  
 The Summer still doth tend vpon my state,  
 And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,  
 160 Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;  
 And they shall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,  
 And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe:  
 And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,  
 That thou shalt like an airie spirit go.  
 165 Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seede!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Ll.* 142, 143, 144 arranged as 144, 142, 143.

<sup>2</sup> *The following stage direction takes the place of l. 165:*  
*Enter Pease blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seede,*  
*and foure Fairies.*

titæ:nǣ.] ij præi di:, dʒent,l mortæl, siŋ ægæin: 140  
 mijn er iz mutʃ enæmord ov diŋ not;  
 so: iz mijn ij enθarled tu diŋ ʃæ:p;  
 ænd diŋ fæir vertiuz fors perfors duθ mu:v mi:  
 on de first viu tu sæi, tu swe:r, ij luv di:.

botom.] miθiŋks, mistres, iu ʃurld hæv lit,l re:z,n 145  
 for dæt: ænd jit, tu sæi de triuθ, re:z,n ænd luv  
 ki:p lit,l kumpæni tugeder nuw-æ-dæiz; de mo:r  
 de piti dæt sum onest ne:borz wil not mærk dem  
 frendz. næi, ij kæn glik upon okæ:zïon. 150

titæ:nǣ.] duw ært æz wijz æz duw ært beutiful.

botom.] not so:, ne:der: but if ij hæd wit  
 inuf tu get uwt ov dis wud, ij hæv inuf tu serv  
 mijn oun turn.

titæ:nǣ.] uwt ov dis wud du: not deziŋr tu go:: 155  
 duw ʃælt remæin he:r, hweder<sup>1</sup> duw wilt or no:  
 ij æm æ spirit ov no komon ræt:  
 de sumer stil duθ tend upon mij stæ:t;  
 ænd ij du luv di:: de:rfo:r, go: wið mi;  
 ijl giv di fæiriz tu ætend on di:, 160  
 ænd dæi ʃæl fetʃ di dʒiuelz from de di:p,  
 ænd siŋ hwijl duw on presed fluwrz dust sli:p:  
 ænd ij wil purdʒ diŋ mortæl gro:snes so:  
 dæt duw ʃælt lik æn æiri spirit go:  
 pe:zblosom! kobweb! moθ! ænd mustærdsi:d! 165

<sup>1</sup> Or hwe:r.

*Peaf.* Ready.

*Cob.* And I.

*Moth.* And I.

*Muf.* And I.

*All.* Where shall we go?<sup>1</sup>

*Tita.* Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,  
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,  
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,  
170 With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,  
The honie-bags steale from the humble Bees,  
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,  
And light them at the fierie<sup>2</sup> Glow-wormes eyes,  
To haue my loue to bed, and to arise:  
175 And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,  
To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies.  
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

180 2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

\* \* \*

#### FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

*Hip.* 'TIS strange my *Thefeus*, that these louers  
speake of.

*The.* More strange then true. I neuer may  
beleue

These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes,  
Louers and mad men haue such seething braines,  
5 Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend

<sup>1</sup> *Ll.* 166 to 170 printed as one line, as follows:  
*Fai.* Ready; and I, and I, and I. Where shall we go?  
<sup>2</sup> fierie.

pe:zblosom.] redi.  
 kobweb.] ænd ij.  
 moθ.] ænd ij.  
 mustærdsi:d.] ænd ij.  
 a:l.] hwe:r fæl wi go:?  
 titæ:nñæ.] bi kijnd ænd kurtēus tu dis dʒent,lmæn;  
 hop in hiz wæks ænd gæmbol in hiz iʒ;  
 fi:d him wið æ:prikoks ænd deuberiz,  
 wið purp,l græ:ps, gri:n figz, ænd mulberiz; 170  
 ðe huni-bægʒ ste:l from ðe humb,l-bi:z,  
 ænd for niʒt-tæ:perz krop ðæir wæks,n θijz  
 ænd liʒt ðem æt de fijri glo:wurmz iʒ,  
 tu hæ(:)v mij luv tu bed ænd tu æriʒz;  
 ænd pluk de wiʒz from pæinted buterfliʒ 175  
 tu fæn ðe mu:nbe:mz from hiz sli:piʒ iʒ:  
 nod tu him, elvz, ænd du: him kurtesiʒ.  
 first fæiri.] hæil, mortæl, hæil!  
 sekond fæiri.] hæil! 180  
 θird fæiri.] hæil!

\* \* \*

#### FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

hipolitæ.] tiʒ strændʒ, mij θe:zēus, dæt ðe:z  
 luverz spe:k ov.  
 θe:zēus.] mo:r strændʒ den triu: ij ne(:)ver mæi  
 bili:v  
 ðe:z æntik fæ:b,lz, nor ðe:z fæiri toiz.  
 luverz ænd mædmen hæv sutʃ si:ðiʒ bræinz,  
 sutʃ fæ:piʒ fæntæsiʒ, dæt æprehend 5

More then coole reason euer comprehends.<sup>1</sup>  
 The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet,  
 Are of imagination all compact.  
 One fees more diuels then vaste hell can hold;  
 10 That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke,  
 Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*.  
 The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling,  
 Doth glance from heauen to earth, from earth to  
 heauen.<sup>2</sup>

And as imagination bodies forth  
 15 The forms of things vnknowne; the Poets pen  
 Turnes them to shapes, and giues to airy<sup>3</sup> nothing,  
 A locall habitation, and a name.  
 Such tricks hath ftrong imagination,<sup>4</sup>  
 That if it would but apprehend some ioy,  
 20 It comprehends some bringer of that ioy.  
 Or in the night, imagining some feare,  
 How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

*Hip.* But all the storie of the night told ouer,  
 And all their minds transfigur'd so together,  
 25 More witneffeth than fancies images,  
 And growes to something of great constancie;  
 But howfoeuer, ftrange, and admirable.

<sup>1</sup> *L. 5 ends with more.*    <sup>2</sup> *L. 12 ends with glance.*  
<sup>3</sup> *aire.*    <sup>4</sup> *Ll. 14 to 18 printed as four, ending with*  
*things . . . shaps . . . habitation . . . imagination.*

mo:r den ku:l re:z,n ever komprehendz.  
 ðe liunætik, ðe luver ænd de po:et  
 ær ov imædʒinæ:sion a:l kompækt.  
 o:n si:z mo:r di:vilz<sup>1</sup> ðen væst hel kæn hould,  
 ðæt iz, de mædmæn: ðe luver, a:l æz fræntik, 10  
 si:z helenz beuti in æ bruw ov e:dʒipt:  
 ðe po:ets ij, in æ fi:n frenzi rouliŋ,  
 duθ glæns from he(:)vn tu e(:)rθ, from e(:)rθ tu  
 he(:)vn;  
 ænd æz imædʒinæ:sion bodiz furθ  
 ðe fo(:)rms ov θiŋz unknow, de po:ets pen 15  
 turnz ðem tu fæ:ps ænd givz tu æiri noθiŋ  
 æ lo:kæl hæbitæ:sion ænd æ næ:m.  
 sutʃ triks hæθ stroŋ imædʒinæ:sion,  
 ðæt, if it wu:ld but æprehend sum dʒoi,  
 it komprehendz sum briŋger ov ðæt dʒoi; 20  
 or in ðe ni:t, imædʒiniŋ sum fe:r,  
 huw e:zi iz æ buʃ supo:zd æ be:r!  
 hipolitæ.] but a:l de sto:ri ov de ni:t tould o(:)ver,  
 ænd a:l ðæir mi:ndz trænsfigiurd so: tugeðer,  
 mo:r witneseθ ðæn fænsiz imædʒez 25  
 ænd grouz tu sumθiŋ ov gre:t konstænsi;  
 but, huwsoever, strændʒ ænd ædmiræb,l.

---

<sup>1</sup> Or di:v.lz.

## FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

FROM ACT III. SCENE II.

*A Song.*

TELL me where is fancie bred,  
 Or in the heart, or in the head:  
 65 How begot, how nourished.

Replie, replie.

It is engendred in the eyes,  
 With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,  
 In the cradle where it lies:

70 Let vs all ring Fancies knell.

Ile begin it. Ding, dong, bell.

*All.* Ding, dong, bell.

\*            \*

FROM ACT IV. SCENE I.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
 185 It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen  
 Vpon the place beneath. It is twice blest,  
 It blesteth him that giues, and him that takes,  
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes  
 The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.  
 190 His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,  
 The attribute to awe and Maiestie,  
 Wherein doth sit this dread and feare of Kings:  
 But mercy is aboue this sceptred sway,  
 It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,  
 195 It is an attribute to God himselfe;  
 And earthly power doth then shew likeft Gods

## FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

## FROM ACT III. SCENE II.

[æ soŋ.]

tel mi: hwe:r iz fænsi bred,  
 or in ðe hært or in ðe hed?  
 huw bigot, huw nurisf?

65

replij, replij.

it iz endgendred in ðe iŋz,  
 wið gæ:ziŋ fed; ænd fænsi diŋz  
 in ðe kræ:d,l hwe:r it liŋz.

let us a:l riŋ fænsiz knel:

70

ijl bigin it,—diŋ, doŋ, bel.

a:l.] diŋ, doŋ, bel.

\* \* \*

## FROM ACT IV. SCENE I.

de kwælitu ov mersi iz not stræind,  
 it dropeθ æz ðe dʒent,l ræin from he(:)vn  
 upon ðe plæ:s binet: it iz twijs blest;  
 it bleseθ him ðæt givz ænd him ðæt tæ:ks;  
 tiz miŋt:est in ðe miŋt:est: it bikumz  
 ðe θro:ned monærk beter ðen hiz kruwn;  
 hiz septe: fouz ðe fors ov temporæl puwr,  
 ðe ætribiut tu a: ænd mædʒesti,  
 hwe:rin duθ sit ðe dre(:)d ænd fe:r ov kiŋz;  
 but mersi iz æbu: dis septred swæi;  
 it iz enθro:ned in ðe hærts ov kiŋz,  
 it iz æn ætribiut tu god himself;  
 ænd e(:)rθli puwr duθ ðen fo: lijkest godz

185

190

195

When mercie seasons Iustice. Therefore Iew,  
 Though Iustice be thy plea, consider this,  
 That in the course of Iustice, none of vs  
 200 Should see saluation: we do pray for mercie,  
 And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render  
 The deeds of mercie. . . . .

\*                      \*

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

*Lor.* THE moone shines bright. In such a night  
as this,

When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,  
 And they did make no noyse,<sup>1</sup> in such a night  
*Troylus* me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,  
 5 And figh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents  
 Where *Cressid*<sup>2</sup> lay that night.

*Ief.* In such a night  
 Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,  
 And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,  
 And ranne dismayed away.

*Loren.* In such a night  
 10 Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand  
 Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue  
 To come againe to Carthage.

*Ief.* In such a night  
*Medea* gathered the enchanted hearbs  
 That did renew old *Eson*.

*Loren.* In such a night  
 15 Did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Iewe,  
 And with an Vnthrift Loue did runne from Venice,  
 As farre as Belmont.

<sup>1</sup> nnyse (*misprint*).                      <sup>2</sup> *Sic*.

hwen mersi se:z,nz dʒustis. ðe:rfo:r, dʒiu,  
 dou dʒustis bi: ðij ple:, konsider dis,  
 ðæt, in ðe ku:rs ov dʒustis, no:n ov us  
 fu:ld si: sælvæ:sion: wi du præi for mersi; 200  
 ænd ðæt sæ:m præir duθ te:tʃ us a:l tu render  
 ðe di:dz ov mersi. . . . .

\* \* \*

## FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

lorenzo:.] ðe mu:n sijnz brijt: in sutʃ æ niht  
 æz ðis,

hwen ðe swi:t wijnd did dʒentli kis ðe tri:z  
 ænd ðæi did mæ:k no noiz, in sutʃ æ niht  
 troilus miθiŋks muwnted ðe tro:dzæn wai:lz  
 ænd sijd hiz soul towærd ðe gre:sŋæn tents, 5  
 hwe:r kresid læi ðæt niht.

dʒesikæ.] in sutʃ æ niht  
 did θizbe fe:rfuli o:rtrip ðe deu  
 ænd sa: ðe lijonz ʃædo: e:r himself  
 ænd ræn dismæid æwæi.

lorenzo:.] in sutʃ æ niht  
 stu(:)d dijd: wið æ wilo: in her hænd 10  
 upon ðe wijld se: bæŋks ænd wæft her luv  
 tu kum ægæin tu kærθædʒ.

dʒesikæ.] in sutʃ æ niht  
 mede:æ gædred ðe intʃænted herbz  
 ðæt did reniu ould e:zon.

lorenzo:.] in sutʃ æ niht  
 did dʒesikæ stel from ðe welθi dʒiu 15  
 ænd wið æn unθrift luv did run from venis  
 æz fæ:r æz belmont.

*Ief.* In fuch a night  
 Did young *Lorenzo* fweare he lou'd her well,  
 Stealing her foule with many vowes of faith,  
 20 And nere a true one.

*Loren.* In fuch a night  
 Did pretty *Ieffica* (like a little fhrow)  
 Slander her Loue, and he forgauē it her.

*Ieffi.* I would out-night you did no body come:  
 But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

. . . . .  
*Loren.* . . . . .

How fweet the moone-light fleepes vpon this banke,  
 55 Heere will we fit, and let the founds of muficke  
 Creepe in our eares, foft ftilnes and<sup>1</sup> the night  
 Become the tutches of fweet harmonie:  
 Sit *Ieffica*, looke how the floore of heauen  
 Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,  
 60 There's not the fmalleſt orbe which thou beholdſt  
 But in his motion like an Angell fings,  
 Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;  
 Such harmonie is in immortall foules,  
 But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay  
 65 Doth groſſly cloſe it in,<sup>2</sup> we cannot heare it:  
 Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,  
 With fweeteſt tutches pearce your Miſtreſſe eare,  
 And draw her home with muficke.

*Ieffi.* I am neuer merry when I heare fweet  
 muſique.

70 *Lor.* The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentiuē:  
 For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard  
 Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,  
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

<sup>1</sup> e. i. ſtilnes, and *F*, as above *Q*.      <sup>2</sup> in it.

dʒesikæ.] in sutf æ niȝt  
 did juȝ lorenzo: swe:r hi luvd her wel,  
 sterliȝ her soul wið mæni vuwz ov fæið  
 ænd ne:r æ triu o:n.

20

lorenzo:.] in sutf æ niȝt  
 did priti<sup>1</sup> dʒesikæ, lijk æ lit,l fro:,  
 slænder her luv, ænd hi: forgæ:v it her.

dʒesikæ.] ij wu:ld uwt-niȝt iu, did no bodi kum;  
 but, hærk, ij he:r ðe furtiȝ ov æ mæn.

. . . . .  
 lorenzo:.] . . . . .

huw swi:t de mu:nliȝt sli:ps upon dis bæȝk!  
 he:r wil wi sit ænd let ðe suwndz ov miuzik  
 kri:p in uwr e:rz: soft stilnes ænd ðe niȝt  
 bikum de tutfez ov swi:t hæmoni.

55

sit, dʒesikæ. lu:k huw ðe flu:r ov he(:)vn  
 iz ðik inlæid wið pætenz ov briȝt gould:  
 ðerz not ðe smarlest orb hwitf duw bihouldst  
 but in hiz mo:sion lijk æn ændʒ,l siȝz,  
 stil kwijriȝ tu ðe juȝ-ijd tʃerubinz;  
 sutf hæmoni iz in imortæl soulz;  
 but hwijlst dis mudi vestiur ov dekæi  
 duð gro:sli klo:z it in, wi kænnot he:r it.  
 kum, ho: ! ænd wæ:k diænæ wið æ him:  
 wið swi:ttest tutfez pe:rs iur mistres e:r  
 ænd dra: her ho:m wið miuzik.

60

65

dʒesikæ.] ij (æ)m never meri hwen ij he:r swi:t  
 miuzik.

lorenzo:.] de re:z,n iz, iur spirits ær ætentiv: 70  
 for du: but not æ wijld ænd wænton herd,  
 or ræ:s ov jiuðful ænd unhændled koults,  
 fetfiȝ mæd buwndz, belðiȝ ænd ne:iȝ luwd,

<sup>1</sup> Or preti.

Which is the hot condition of their bloud,  
 75 If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,  
 Or any ayre of muficke touch their eares,  
 You fhall perceiue them make a mutuall ftand,  
 Their fauage eyes turn'd to a modeft gaze,  
 By the fweet power of muficke: therefore the Poet  
 80 Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, ftones, and floods:  
 Since naught fo ftockifh, hard, and full of rage,  
 But muficke for the<sup>1</sup> time doth change his nature,  
 The man that hath no muficke in himfelfe,  
 Nor is not moued with concord of fweet founds,  
 85 Is fit for treafons, ftatagems, and fpoyles,  
 The motions of his fpirit are dull as night,  
 And his affections darke as *Erobus*,<sup>2</sup>  
 Let no fuch man be trufted. . . . .

## FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

## FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

*Duk. Sen.* NOW my Coe-mates, and brothers  
 in exile:

Hath lot old custome made this life more fweete  
 Then that of painted pompe? Are not thefe woods  
 More free from perill then the enuious Court?  
 5 Heere feele we but<sup>3</sup> the penaltie of *Adam*,  
 The feafons difference, as the Ice phange  
 And churlifh chiding of the winters winde,  
 Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body  
 Euen till I fhinke with cold, I fmile, and fay  
 10 This is no flattery: thefe are counfellors

<sup>1</sup> the *om. F*, the *Q*.      <sup>2</sup> *Sic F*, *Terebus Q*.      <sup>3</sup> not.

hwitſ iz de hot kondiſion ov dæir blod;  
 if dæi but he:r pertſæns æ trumpet ſuwnd, 75  
 or æni æir ov miuzik tutſ dæir e:rz,  
 iu ſæl perſe:v dem mæ:k æ miutſſæl stænd,  
 dæir sævædʒ iʒ turnd tu æ modest gæ:z  
 bij de swit puwr ov miuzik: dæ:rfoir de po:et  
 did fæin dæt orfæus driu tri:z, sto:nz ænd fludz; 80  
 ſins na:t so ſtokiſ, hærd. ænd ful ov ræ:dʒ,  
 but miuzik for de tijm duθ tſændʒ hiz næ:tiur.  
 de mæn dæt hæθ no miuzik in himſelf,  
 nor iz not mu:vd wid konkord ov swit ſuwndz,  
 iz fit for tre:z,nz, ſtrætædʒemz, ænd ſpoilz; 85  
 de mo:ſionz ov hiz ſpir(i)t ær dul æz nijt,  
 ænd hiz æfekſionz dærk æz erebus:  
 let no: ſutſ mæn bi trusted. . . . .

## FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

## FROM ACT II. SCENE 1.

diuk ſe:njor.] nuw, mij ko:-mæ:ts ænd bruderz  
 in ekſijl,

hæθ not ould kuſtom mæ:d diſ lijf mo:r swit  
 den dæt ov pæinted pomp? ær not de:z wudʒ  
 mo:r fri: from peril den de envſus ku:rt?  
 he:r fi:l wi but de penælti ov ædæm, 5  
 de ſe:z,nz dif(e)rens, æz de ijsi fæj  
 ænd tſurliſ tſijdiſ ov de winterz wijnd,  
 hwitſ, hwen it biʒts ænd blouz upon mij bodi,  
 i:vn til ij friſk wid kould, ij ſmiʒl ænd sæi  
 “diſ iz no flæt(e)ri: de:z ær kuwnſelorz 10



ðæt fi:liŋli perswæ:d mi hwæt ij æm."
   
 swi:t ær ðe iusez ov ædversiti,
   
 hwitʃ, lijk ðe to:d, ugli ænd venemus,
   
 we:rz jīt æ presūs dgiuel in hiz hed;
   
 ænd ðis uwr lijf eksempt from publik ha:nt
   
 fijndz tunz in tri:z, buks in ðe runiŋ bruks,

15

sermonz in sto:nz ænd gud in ev(e)ri θiŋ.
   
 ij wu:ld not tʃændz it.

æmīenz.]                      hæpi iz iur græ:s,
   
 ðæt kæn træns-læ:t ðe stubbornes ov fortium
   
 intu so kwijet ænd so swi:t æ stīl.

20

\*                      \*

## ACT II. SCENE V.

[soŋ.]

under ðe grinwud tri:
   
 hwu: luvz tu lij wið mi:,
   
 ænd turn hiz meri no:t
   
 untu ðe swi:t birdz θro:t,
   
 kum heder, kum heder, kum heder:
   
 he:r fæl hi si:
   
 no enemi:
   
 but winter ænd ruf weder.

5

hwu: duθ æmbisiŋ fun
   
 ænd luvz tu liv id sun,
   
 si:kiŋ ðe fud hi e:ts
   
 ænd ple:zd wið hwæt hi gets,
   
 kum heder, kum heder, kum heder,
   
 he:r fæl hi si:, &c.

40

45

\*                      \*

## ACT II. SCENE VII.

- ALL the world's a stage,  
 140 And all the men and women, meere Players;  
 They haue their *Exits* and their Entrances,  
 And one man in his time playes many parts,  
 His Acts being seuen ages. At first the Infant,  
 Mewling, and puking in the Nurfes armes:  
 145 Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Louer,  
 Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad.  
 Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,  
 150 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,  
 Ielous in honor, sodaine, and quicke in quarrell,  
 Seeking the bubble Reputation  
 Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iustice,  
 In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,  
 155 With eyes seuered, and beard of formall cut,  
 Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,  
 And so he playes his part. The sixth age shifts  
 Into the leane and slipper'd Pantaloeone,  
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,  
 160 His youthfull hose well lau'd, a world too wide,  
 For his shrunke shanke, and his bigge manly voice,  
 Turning againe toward childish treble pipes,  
 And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,  
 That ends this strange euentfull historie,  
 165 Is second childishnesse, and meere obliuion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans euery thing.

\*

\*

\*

## ACT II. SCENE VII.

a:l de worldz æ stæ:dz,  
 ænd a:l de men ænd wimen me:rli plæierz; 140  
 dæi hæ:v dæir eksits ænd dæir entrænsez;  
 ænd o:n mæn in hiz tijm plæiz mæni pærts,  
 hiz ækts bi:(i)ŋ sev,n æ:dgez. æt first de infænt,  
 meuling ænd piuking in de nursez ærmz.  
 den—de hwijning skul:boi, wid hiz sætʃ,l 145  
 ænd sijning mornig fæ:s, kri:piŋ lijk snæil  
 unwiliŋli tu sku:l. ænd den de luvr,  
 sijig lijk furnæs, wid æ wo:ful bæ:læd  
 mæ:d tu hiz mistres ijbruw. den æ souldiër,  
 ful ov strændz o:θs ænd berded lijk de pærd, 150  
 dʒelus in onor, sudæin ænd kwik in kwærel,  
 sik:ŋ de bub,l repiutæ:sion  
 i:vŋ in de kænonz muwθ. ænd den de dʒustis,  
 in fæir ruwnd beli wid gud kæ:p,n lijnd,  
 wid ijz sever ænd berd ov formæl kut, 155  
 ful ov wijz sa:z ænd modern instænsez;  
 ænd so: hi: plæiz hiz pært. de sikst æ:dʒ fifts  
 intu de le:n ænd sliperd pæntælu:n,  
 wid spektæk,lz on no:z ænd puwtf on sijd,  
 hiz jiuθful ho:z, wel sæ:vd, æ world tu: wijd 160  
 for hiz frʊŋk fæŋk; ænd hiz big mænli vois,  
 turnig ægæin towærd<sup>1</sup> tʃijldis treb,l, pijs  
 ænd hwist,lz in hiz suwnd. læst se:n ov a:l,  
 dæt ends dis strændz eventful histori.  
 iz sekond tʃijldifnes ænd me:r oblivion, 165  
 sænz ti:θ, sænz ijz, sænz tæ:st, sænz ev(e)ri θiŋ.

\*                      \*

<sup>1</sup> Or to:rd.

*Song.*

BLOW, blow, thou winter winde,  
 175 Thou art not so vnkinde,  
     As mans ingratitude:  
 Thy tooth is not so keene,  
 Because thou art not seene,  
     Although thy breath be rude.  
 180 Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,  
 Most frendship, is fayning; most Louing, meere folly:  
 Then<sup>1</sup> heigh ho, the holly,  
 This life is most iolly.

Freize, freize, thou bitter skie  
 185 That doſt not bight ſo nigh  
     As benefitts forgot:  
 Though thou the waters warpe,  
 Thy ſting is not ſo ſharpe,  
     As freind remembred not.  
 190 Heigh ho, ſing, &c.

\*                      \*

## ACT V. SCENE III.

*Song.*

IT was a Louer, and his laſſe,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 That o're the greene corne ſeild did paſſe,  
 20 In<sup>2</sup> ſpring time, the onely pretty ring<sup>3</sup> time,  
 When Birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding.  
 Sweet Louers loue the ſpring.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The.      <sup>2</sup> In the.      <sup>3</sup> rang.      <sup>4</sup> *The last stanza is printed as the second.*

[son.]

blo:, blo:, ðuw winter wijnd,  
 ðuw ært not so unkijnd 175

æz mænz ingrætitiud;

dij tu:θ iz not so kijn,

bika:z ðuw ært not si:n,

a:ldu dij bre(:)θ bi riud.

hæi-ho: ! siŋ, hæi-ho: ! untu ðe gri:n holi: 180

mo:st frendſip iz fæiniŋ, mo:st luvij me:r foli:

ðen, hæi-ho:, de holi!

dis lijf iz mo:st d:oli.

fri:z, fri:z, ðuw biter skij,

ðæt dust not bijt so nij 185

æz benefits forgot:

ðou ðuw ðe wæterz wærp,

dij stiŋ iz not so færp

æz frend remembred not.

hæi-ho: ! siŋ, &c. 190

\* \* \*

## ACT V. SCENE III.

[son.]

it wæz æ luvær ænd hiz læs,

wid æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,

ðæt o:r ðe gri:n kornfi:ld did pæs

in sprij tijm, ðe o:nli preti riŋ tijm, 20

hwen birdz du siŋ, hæi dij æ dij, dij:

swi:t luværz luv ðe sprij.

Betweene the acres of the Rie,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino:

25 These prettie Country folks would lie,  
In spring time, &c.

This Carroll they began that houre,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino:

How that a life was but a Flower,

30 In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

For loue is crowned with the prime,

In spring time, &c.

## FROM THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

### ACT IV. SCENE I.

160 *Pet.* . . . . .

Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke,  
Will you giue thanks, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?  
What's this, Mutton?

*I. Ser.* I.

*Pet.* Who brought it?

*Peter.* I.

*Pet.* 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:

165 What dogges are these? Where is the rascal Cooke?  
How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser  
And serue it thus to me that loue it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

You heedlesse iolt-heads, and vnmaner'd flauers.

170 What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.

bitwīn ðe ækerz ov ðe rij,  
 wið æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,  
 ðe:z preti kuntri fo:ks wuld lij, 25  
 in spring tījm, &c.

ðis kærol ðæi bigæn ðæt uwr,  
 wið æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,  
 huw ðæt æ lijf wæz but æ fluwr  
 in spring tījm, &c. 30

ænd ðe:rfo:r tæk ðe prezent tījm,  
 wið æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:;  
 for luv iz kruwned wið ðe prijn  
 in spring tījm, &c.

## FROM THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

petru:kjō:.] . . . . . 160  
 kum, kæt, sit down; ij kno: iu hæv æ stumæk.  
 wil iu giv θæŋks, swit kæt; or els fæl ij?  
 hwæts ðis? mut,n?

first servænt.] ij.

petru:kjō:.] hwu: brout it?

pet:er.] ij.

petru:kjō:.] tiz burnt; ænd so: iz ail ðe meit.  
 hwæt dogz ær ðe:z! hwe:r iz ðe ræskæl kuk? 165  
 huw durst iu, vilæinz, bring it from ðe dreser,  
 ænd serv it ðus tu mi: ðæt luv it not?  
 ðe:r, tæk it tu iu, trentferz, kups, ænd ail:  
 iu hidles dʒoulthedz ænd unmænerd slæ:vz!  
 hwæt, du iu grumb,l? ijl bi wið iu stræit. 170

*Kate.* I pray you husband be not so disquiet,  
The meate was well, if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried  
away,

And I expreffely am forbid to touch it:  
175 For it engenders choller, planteth anger,  
And better 'twere that both of vs did faft,  
Since of our felues, our felues are chollericke,  
Then feede it with fuch over-rofted flefh:  
Be patient, to morrow't fhall be mended,  
180 And for this night we'll faft for companie.  
Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber.

\*            \*            \*

#### ACT V. SCENE II.

Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning<sup>1</sup> vnkinde brow,  
And dart not fcornefull glances from thofe eies,  
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouvernour.  
It blots thy beautie, as frofts doe bite the Meads,  
140 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds fhake faire budds,  
And in no fence is meeete or amiable.  
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,  
Muddie, ill feeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,  
And while it is fo, none fo dry or thirftie  
145 Will daigne to fip, or touch one drop of it.  
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy foueraigne: One that cares for thee,  
And for thy maintenance commits<sup>2</sup> his body  
To painfull labour, both by fea and land:  
150 To watch the night in ftormes, the day in cold,

<sup>1</sup> thretaning.            <sup>2</sup> maintenance. Commits.

kæ:t.] ij præi iu, huzbænd, bi not so diskwijet:  
 ðe me:t wæz wel, if iu wer so kontented.

petru:kĩo:.] ij tel di:, kæ:t, twæz burnt ænd drijd  
 æwæi;

ænd ij ekspresli æm forbid tu tutʃ it.  
 for it indʒenderz koler, plænteθ æyger; 175  
 ænd beter twe:r dæt bo:θ ov us did fæst,  
 sins, ov uwrselfz, uwrselfz ær kolerik,  
 ðen fi:d it wið sutʃ over-ro:sted fleʃ.  
 bi pæ:sient; tu-morout ʃæl bi mended.  
 ænd, for ðis niʃt, wi:l fæst for kumpæni: 180  
 kum, ij wil briŋ di tu ðij brijdæl tʃæmber.

\*       \*       \*

#### ACT V. SCENE II.

fij, fij! unknit dæt θre(:)tniŋ unkiynd bruw,  
 ænd dært not skornful glænsez from ðo:z iʒ,  
 tu wuwnd ðij lord, ðij kiŋ, ðij guvørnor:  
 it blots ðij beuti æz frosts du biʃt ðe me:dz,  
 konfuwndz ðij fæ:m æz hwirlwijndz ʃæk fæir budz, 140  
 ænd in no: sens iz mi:t or æ:miæb,l.<sup>1</sup>  
 æ wumæn mu:vd iz lijk æ fuwntæin troubled,  
 mudi, il-si:miŋ, θik, bireft ov beuti;  
 ænd hwijl it iz so:, no:n so drij or θirsti  
 wil dæin tu sip or tutʃ o:n drop ov it. 145  
 ðij huzbænd iz ðij lord, ðij lijf, ðij ki:per,  
 ðij hed, ðij suv(e)ræin; o:n dæt kæ:rz for di:,  
 ænd for ðij mæintenæns komits hiz bodi  
 tu pæinful læ:bor bo:θ biʃ se: ænd lænd,  
 tu wætʃ ðe niʃt in stormz, ðe dæi in kould, 150

<sup>1</sup> Or æ:miæbl.

- Whil'ft thou ly'ft warme at home, fecure and fafe,  
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,  
But loue, faire lookes, and true obedience;  
Too little payment for fo great a debt.
- 155 Such dutie as the fubiect owes the Prince,  
Euen fuch a woman oweth to her husband:  
And when fhe is froward, peeuiſh, fullen, fowre,  
And not obedient to his honeft will,  
What is ſhe but a foule contending Rebel,
- 160 And graceleſſe Traitor to her louing Lord?  
I am aſham'd that women are fo fimple,  
To offer warre, where they ſhould kneele for peace:  
Or ſeeke for rule, ſupremacie, and ſway,  
When they are bound to ſerue, loue, and obay.
- 165 Why are our bodies foft, and weake, and ſmooth,  
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,  
But that our foft conditions, and our harts,  
Should well agree with our externall parts?  
Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,
- 170 My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,  
My heart as great, my reaſon haplie more,  
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;  
But now I ſee our Launces are but ſtrawes:  
Our ſtrength as weake, our weakenefſe paſt compare,
- 175 That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.  
Then vale your ſtomackes, for it is no boote,  
And place your hands below your husbands foote:  
In token of which dutie, if he pleaſe,  
My hand is readie, may it do him eaſe.
-

hwijlst duw lijst wærm æt ho:m, sekiur ænd sæ:f;  
 ænd kræ:ɪvz no uðer tribiut æt di:ɹ hændz  
 but luv, fæir lʊks ænd triu obe:diens;  
 tu: lit,l pæiment for so gre:t æ det.  
 sutʃ diuti æz ðe subdʒekt ouz de prins 155  
 i:vɪn sutʃ æ wumæn o:eθ tu her huzbænd;  
 ænd hwen ʃi ɪz<sup>1</sup> frowærd, pi:viʃ, sulen, suwr,  
 ænd not obe:dient tu hiz onest wil,  
 hwæt iz ʃi but æ fuwl kontendi:ɹ rebel  
 ænd græ:sles træitor tu her luvɪŋ lord? 160  
 ij æm æʃæ:md ðæt wimen ær so simp,l  
 tu ofer wær hwe:r dæi ʃu:ld kni:l for pe:s,  
 or si:k for riul, si:ɹpremæsi ænd swæi,  
 hwen dæi ær buwnd tu serv, luv ænd obæi.  
 hwij ær uwr bodiz soft ænd we:k ænd smu:θ, 165  
 unæpt tu toil ænd trub,l in de world,  
 but ðæt uwr soft kondiʃionz ænd uwr hærts  
 ʃu:ld wel ægri: wið uwr eksternæl pærts?  
 kum, kum, iu frowærd ænd unæ:b,l wurmz!  
 mij mijnd hæθ bi:n<sup>2</sup> æz bi:ɹ æz o:n ov iurz, 170  
 mij hært æz gre:t, mij re:z,n hæpli mo:r,  
 tu bændi word for word ænd fruwn for fruwn;  
 but nuw ij si: uwr lænsez ær but stra:z,  
 uwr streŋθ æz we:k, uwr we:knes pæst kompæ:r,  
 ðæt si:mij tu bi mo:st hwitʃ wi indi:d le:st æ:r. 175  
 den væil iur stumæks, for it iz no bu:t,  
 ænd plæ:s iur hændz bilo: iur huzbændz fust:  
 in to:k,n ov hwitʃ diuti, if hi ple:z,  
 mij hænd iz re(:)di; mæi it du: him e:z.

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<sup>1</sup> Or ʃi:z.      <sup>2</sup> bin.

## FROM TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

IF Musicke be the food of Loue, play on,  
 Giue me exceſſe of it: that ſurſetting,  
 The appetite may ficken, and ſo dye.  
 That ſtraine agen, it had a dying fall:  
 5 O, it came ore my eare, like the ſweet ſound  
 That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;  
 Stealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,  
 'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.  
 O ſpirit of Loue, how quicke and freſh art thou,  
 10 That notwithstanding thy capacitie,  
 Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,  
 Of what validity, and pitch ſo ere,  
 But falles into abatement, and low price  
 Euen in a minute; ſo full of ſhapes is fancie,  
 15 That it alone, is high fantaſticall.

\*                      \*

## ACT II. SCENE III.

*Clowne ſings.*

40 O Miſtris mine where are you roming?  
 O ſtay and heare, your true loues coming,  
     That can ſing both high and low.  
 Trip no further prettie ſweeting:  
 Iourneys end in louers meeting,  
 45      Euery wife mans ſonne doth know.

FROM TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

if miuzik bi ðe furd ov luv, plæi on;  
 giv mi ekses ov it, dæt, surfetiŋ,  
 ðe æpetijt mæi sik,n, ænd so: diŋ.  
 dæt stræin ægæin!<sup>1</sup> it hæd æ diŋŋ fa:l:  
 o:, it kæ:m o:r mij e:r lijk ðe swi:t suwnd, 5  
 dæt bre:dz upon æ bæŋk ov vijolets,  
 ste:liŋ ænd giviŋ o:ðor! inuf; no mo:r:  
 tiz not so swi:t nuw æz it wæz bifo:r.  
 o: spir(i)t ov luv! huw kwik ænd fref ært ðuw,  
 dæt, notwiðstændiŋ diŋ kæpæsi 10  
 rese:veθ æz ðe se:, nout enterz ðe:r,  
 ov hwæt væliditi ænd pitf soe:r,  
 but fa:lz intu æbæ:tment ænd lo: prijs,  
 i:vn in æ miniut: so ful ov fæ:ps iz fænsi  
 dæt it ælo:n iz hiŋ fæntæstikæl. 15

\* \* \*

ACT II. SCENE III.

[kluwn siŋz.]

o: mistres miŋ, hwe:r ær iu ro:miŋ? 40  
 o:, stæi ænd he:r; iur triu luvz ku(:)miŋ,  
 dæt kæn siŋ bo:θ hiŋ ænd lo:  
 trip no furðer, priti swi:tiŋ;  
 dzurnæiz end in luverz mi:tiŋ  
 ev(e)ri wiŋz mænz sun ðuθ kno:. 45

<sup>1</sup> Or ægen.

What is loue, tis not heereaftcr,  
 Prefent mirth, hath prefent laughter:

50     What's to come, is ftill vnfore.  
 In delay there lies no plentie,  
 Then come kifse me fweet and twentie:  
       Youths a ftuffe will not endure.

\*           \*

ACT II. SCENE IV.

*Song.*

COME away, come away death,  
       And in fad cyprefse let me be laide.  
 Flye<sup>1</sup> away, flie<sup>2</sup> away breath,  
 55     I am flaine by a faire cruell maide:  
 My fhrowd of white, ftuck all with Ew,  
       O prepare it.  
 My part of death no one fo true  
       Did fhare it.

60 Not a flower, not a flower fweete  
       On my blacke coffin, let there be ftrowne:<sup>3</sup>  
 Not a friend, not a friend greet  
       My poore corpes, where my bones fhall bethrowne:  
 A thoufand thoufand fighes to faue,  
 65     Lay me ô where  
 Sad true louer neuer find my graue,  
       To weepe there.

\*           \*

<sup>1</sup> Fye.

<sup>2</sup> fie.

<sup>3</sup> ftrowne.

hwæt iz luv? tiz not he:ræfter;  
 present mirð hæθ present læfter;  
 hwæts tu kum iz stil unsiur: 50  
 in delæi der lijz no plenti;  
 ðen kum kis mi, swi:t ænd twenti,  
 jiuθs æ stuf wil not endiur.<sup>1</sup>

\*            \*

ACT II. SCENE IV.

[song.]

kum æwæi, kum æwæi, de(:)θ,  
 ænd in sæd sijpres let mi bi læid;  
 flij æwæi, flij æwæi, bre(:)θ;  
 ij æm slæin bij æ fæir kriuel mæid. 55  
 mij fruwd ov hwijt, stuk a:l wid iu,  
 o:, prepær it!  
 mij pært ov de(:)θ, no o:n so triu  
 did fæir it.

not æ fluwr, not æ fluwr swi:t, 60  
 on mij blæk kofin let der bi stroun;  
 not æ frend, not æ frend gri:t  
 mij purr korps, hwe:r mij bo:nz fæl bi θroun:  
 æ θuwzænd θuwzænd sijz tu sæ:v,  
 læi mi, o:, hwe:r 65  
 sæd triu luvr never<sup>2</sup> fijnd mij græv,  
 tu wi:p de:r!

\*            \*

<sup>1</sup> Or indiur.

<sup>2</sup> ne:r.

## ACT III. SCENE IV.

*Ol.* . . . . .

How now *Maluolio*?

*Mal.* Sweet Lady, ho, ho.

*Ol.* Smil'ft thou?

20 I sent for thee vpon a sad occasion.<sup>1</sup>

*Mal.* Sad Lady, I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood: This crosse-gartering, but what of that?<sup>2</sup> If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is:  
25 Please one, and please all.

*Ol.*<sup>3</sup> Why how doest thou man?<sup>4</sup> What is the matter with thee?

*Mal.* Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my legges: It did come to his hands, and Com-  
30 maunds shall be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane hand.

*Ol.* Wilt thou go to bed *Maluolio*?

*Mal.* To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee.

35 *Ol.* God comfort thee: Why dost thou smile so, and kisse thy hand so oft?

*Mar.* How do you *Maluolio*?

*Maluo.* At your request:<sup>4</sup> Yes, Nightingales answere Dawes.

40 *Mar.* Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldnesse before my Lady.

*Mal.* Be not afraid of greatnesse: 'twas well writ.

<sup>1</sup> *Ll.* 19, 20 printed as one line.      <sup>2</sup> *Ll.* 21 to 24 (. . . that?) printed as three lines ending sad: — blood: —that?      <sup>3</sup> *Mal.*      <sup>4</sup> Line ends here.

## ACT III. SCENE IV.

olivīæ.] . . . . .

huw nuw, mælvo:līo:!

mælvo:līo:.] swi:t læ:di, ho:, ho:.

olivīæ.] smijlst duw?

ij sent for di: upon æ sæd okæ:zīon. 20

mælvo:līo:.] sæd, læ:di! ij ku:ld bi sæd: dis duz  
mæ:k sum obstruksion in de blud, dis kros-gærteriŋ;  
but hwæt ov dæt? if it ple:z de ij ov o:n, it iz  
wid mi: æz de veri triu sonet iz, "ple:z o:n, ænd  
ple:z a:l." 25

olivīæ.] hwij, huw dust duw, mæn? hwæt  
iz de mæter wid di:?

mælvo:līo:.] not blæk in mij mijnd, ðou jelo:  
in mij legz. it did kum to hiz hændz, ænd komændz  
ſæl bi eksekiuted: ij ðiŋk wi du kno: ðe swi:t ro:mæn 30  
hænd.

olivīæ.] wilt duw go: tu bed, mælvo:līo:?

mælvo:līo:.] tu bed? ij, swi:t-hært, ænd ijl  
kum tu di:.

olivīæ.] god kumfort di:! hwij dust duw 35  
smijl so: ænd kis di: hænd so oft?

mærijæ.] huw du: iu, mælvo:līo:?

mælvo:līo:.] æt iur rekwest! jes; nijtinggæ:lz  
ænswe:r da:z.

mærijæ.] hwij æpe:r iu wid dis ridikiulus bould- 40  
nes bifo:r mij læ:di?

mælvo:līo:.] "bi: not æfræid ov gre:tnes:"  
twæz wel writ.

*Ol.* What meanst thou by that *Maluolio*?

45 *Mal.* Some are borne great.

*Ol.* Ha?

*Mal.* Some atcheeue greatnesse.

*Ol.* What sayst thou?

*Mal.* And some haue greatnesse thrust vpon  
50 them.

*Ol.* Heauen restore thee.

*Mal.* Remember who commended thy yellow  
stockings.

*Ol.* Thy yellow stockings?

55 *Mal.* And wish'd to see thee crosse garter'd.

*Ol.* Crosse garter'd?

*Mal.* Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st  
to be so.

*Ol.* Am I made?

60 *Mal.* If not, let<sup>1</sup> me see thee a seruant still.

*Ol.* Why this is verie Midfommer madnesse.

## FROM THE WINTER'S TALE.

### ACT II. SCENE 1.

*Her.* TAKE the Boy to you: he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

*Lady.* Come (my gracious Lord)  
Shall I be your play-fellow?

*Mam.* No, Ile none of you.

*Lady.* Why (my sweet Lord?)

5 *Mam.* You'll kisse me hard, and Ipeake to me, as if  
I were a Baby still. I loue you better.

<sup>1</sup> ler.

olivīæ.] hwæt me:nst duw bij dæt, mælvo:līo:?

mælvo:līo:.] "sum ær born gre:t,"—

45

olivīæ.] hæ?

mælvo:līo:.] "sum ætʃi(:)v gre:tnes,"—

olivīæ.] hwæt sæist duw?

mælvo:līo:.] "ænd sum hæv gre:tnes θrust

upon dem."

50

olivīæ.] he(:)vn resto:r di:!

mælvo:līo:.] "remember hwu: komended dij

jelo: stokiŋz,"—

olivīæ.] dij jelo: stokiŋz!

mælvo:līo:.] "ænd wiʃt tu si: di kros-gærterd." 55

olivīæ.] kros-gærterd!

mælvo:līo:.] "go: tu:, duw ært mæ:d, if duw

deziʃt tu bi: so:,"—

olivīæ.] æm ij mæ:d?

mælvo:līo:.] "if not, let mi si: di æ servænt stil." 60

olivīæ.] hwij, dis iz veri midsummer mædnes.

## FROM THE WINTER'S TALE.

### ACT II. SCENE I.

hermijone:.] tæ:k de boi tu: iu: hi: so trub,lz mi:,  
tiz pæst indiuriŋ.

læ:di.] kum, mij græ:sūs lord,

ʃæl ij bi iur pkei-felo:?

mæmilūs.] no:, ijl no:n ov iu.

læ:di.] hwij, mij swi:t lord?

mæmilūs.] iul kis mi hærd ænd spe:k tu mi æz if

ij wer æ bæ:bi stil. ij luv iu beter.

2. *Lady.* And why so (my Lord?)

*Mam.* Not for becaufe

Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they fay  
Become some Women best, so that there be not  
10 Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,  
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

2. *Lady.* Who taught 'this?

*Mam.* I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray  
now,

What colour are your eye-browes?

*Lady.* Blew (my Lord.)

*Mam.* Nay, that's a mock: I haue seene a  
Ladies Nose

15 That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.

. . . . .

*Her.* . . . . . Come Sir, now

I am for you againe: 'Pray you sit by vs,  
And tell's a Tale.

*Mam.* Merry, or sad, shal't be?

*Her.* As merry as you will.

25 *Mam.* A sad Tale's best for Winter: I haue one  
Of Sprights, and Goblins.<sup>1</sup>

*Her.* Let's haue that (good Sir.)  
Come-on, sit downe, come-on, and doe your best,  
To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrefull  
at it.

*Mam.* There was a man.

*Her.* Nay, come sit downe: then on.

<sup>1</sup> *L.* 25 ends with Winter, *l.* 26 with Goblins.

sekond læ:di.] ænd hwij so:, mij lord?

mæmilīus.] not for bika:z

iur bruwz ær blæker; jit blæk bruwz, dæi sæi,

bikum sum wimen best, so dæt der bi: not

tu: mutf hæir de:r, but in æ semisirk,l, 10

or æ ha:f-mu:n mæ:d wid æ pen.

sekond læ:di.] hwu: ta:t dis?

mæmilīus.] ij lernd it uwt ov wimenz fæ:sez.

præi nuw

hwæt kulor ær iur ij-bruwz?

læ:di.] bliu, mij lord.

mæmilīus.] næi, dæts æ mok: iju sin æ læ:diz

no:z

dæt hæz bi:n bliu, but not her ij-bruwz. 15

. . . . .

hermijone:.] . . . . kum, sir, nuw

ij æm for iu ægæin: præi iu, sit bij us,

ænd tels æ tæ:l.

mæmilīus.] meri or sæd fælt bi:?

hermijone:.] æz meri æz iu wil.

mæmilīus.] æ sæd tæ:lz best for winter: ij hæ:v o:n 25  
ov sprijts ænd goblinz.

hermijone:.] lets hæ:v dæt, gud sir.

kum on, sit duwn: kum on, ænd du: iur best

tu frijt mi wid iur sprijts; iur puwrful æt it.

mæmilīus.] der wæz æ mæn—

hermijone:.] næi, kum, sit duwn; den on.

30 *Mam.* Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it  
loftly,  
Yond Crickets fhall not heare it.  
*Her.* Come on then,  
And giu't me in mine care.<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \*

ACT IV. SCENE III.

*Song.*

IOG-ON, Iog-on, the foot-path way,  
And merrily hent the Stile-a:  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
185 Your sad tyres in a Mile-a.

FROM KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A FOOT of Honor better then I was,  
But many a many foot of Land the worfe.  
Well, now can I make any *Ioane* a Lady,  
185 Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,  
And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*;  
For new made honor doth forget mens names:  
'Tis too respectiue, and too sociable  
For your conuerfion, now your traoueller,  
190 Hee and his tooth-picke at my worships maffe,  
And when my knightly ftomacke is fuffis'd,  
Why then I fucke my teeth, and catechize  
My picked man of Countries: my deare fir,

<sup>1</sup> Come . . . care *printed as one line.*

mæmilūs.] dwelt bij æ tʃurtʃjærd: ij wil tel it <sup>so</sup>  
softli;

jond krikets ʃæl not he:r it.

hermijone:.] kum on, den,  
ænd givt mi in mijn e:r.

\*            \*

#### ACT IV. SCENE III.

[soŋ.]

dʒog on, dʒog on, de fʊt-pæθ wæi,  
ænd merili hent de stijl-æ:  
æ meri hært go:z a:l de dæi,  
iur sæd tijrz in æ mijl-æ.

185

### FROM KING JOHN.

#### ACT I. SCENE I.

æ fʊt ov onor beter den ij wæz;  
but mænī æ mæni fʊt ov lænd de wurs.  
wel, nuw kæn ij mæ:k æni dʒo:n æ læ:di.  
“gud den, sir ritʃærd:”—“god-æ-mersi, felo:!”—  
ænd if hiz næ:m bi dʒordʒ, ijl ka:l him pe:ter;  
for niu-mæ:d onor duθ forget menz næ:mz;  
tiz tu: respektiv ænd tu: so:siæb,l<sup>1</sup>  
for iur konversjōn. nuw iur træveler,  
hi: ænd hiz tu:θpik æt mij wurʃips mes,  
ænd hwen mij knijtli stumæk iz sufijzd,  
hwij den ij suk mij ti:θ ænd kætækijz  
mij piked mæn ov kuntriz: “mij de:r sir,”

185

190

<sup>1</sup> Or so:siæbl.

Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,  
 195 I shall beseech you; that is question now,  
 And then comes answer like an Abbeys booke:  
 O fir, sayes answer, at your best command,  
 At your employment, at your seruice fir:  
 No fir, saies question, I sweet fir at yours,  
 200 And so ere answer knowes what question would,  
 Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,  
 And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,  
 The Perennean and the riuer *Poe*,  
 It drawes toward supper in conclusion so.

\* \* \*

ACT V. SCENE VII.

THIS England neuer did, nor neuer shall  
 Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,  
 But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.  
 115 Now, these her Princes are come home againe,  
 Come the three corners of the world in Armes,  
 And we shall fhocke them: Naught shall make vs rue,  
 If England to it selfe, do rest but true.

FROM KING RICHARD II.

ACT II. SCENE I.

40 THIS royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred Ile,  
 This earth of Maiesty, this seate of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demy paradise,  
 This Fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,  
 Against infection, and the hand of warre:

ðus, le:nij on mijn elbo:, ij bigin,  
 “ij fæl bisit:f iu”—ðæt iz kwestïon nuw; 195  
 ænd ðen kumz ænsver lijk æn æbsi buk:  
 “o: sir,” sæiz ænsver, “æt iur best komænd;  
 æt iur employment; æt iur servis, sir:”  
 “no:, sir,” sæiz kwestïon, “ij, swit sir, æt iurz:”  
 ænd so:, eir ænsver knouz hwæt kwestïon wuld, 200  
 sæ:viŋ in dijælog ov kompliment,  
 ænd ta:kiŋ ov ðe ælps ænd æpenijnz,  
 ðe pirene:æn ænd ðe river po:,  
 it dra:z to:rd super in konkliuzïon so:.

\* \* \*

ACT V. SCENE VII.

dis iŋlænd never did, nor never fæl,  
 lij æt ðe pruwð furt ov æ konkeror,  
 but hwen it first did help tu wuwnd itself.  
 nuw ðe:z her prinsez ær kum ho:m ægæin, 115  
 kum ðe θri: kornerz ov ðe world in ærmz,  
 ænd wi: fæl fok dem. na:t fæl mæ:k us riu,  
 if iŋlænd tu itself du rest but triu.

FROM KING RICHARD II.

ACT II. SCENE I.

dis roiæl θro:n ov kiŋz, dis septred ijl, 40  
 dis e(:)rθ ov mædgesti, dis se:t ov mærz,  
 dis uder e:ð,n, demi-pærædijs,  
 dis fortres bilt bij næ:tiur for herself  
 ægæinst<sup>1</sup> infeksïon ænd ðe hænd ov wær,

<sup>1</sup> Or ægenst.

- 45 This happy breed of men, this little world,  
 This precious stone, set in the siluer sea,  
 Which serues it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a Moate defensiue to a house,  
 Against the enuy of lesse happier Lands,  
 50 This blessed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,  
 . . . . .  
 This Land of such deere foules, this deere-deere Land,  
 Deere for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)  
 60 Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.  
 England bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beates backe the enuious sledge  
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
 With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.  
 65 That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe.  
 Ah! would the scandall vanish with my life,  
 How happy then were my ensuing death?
- 

## FROM THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

## ACT II. SCENE IV.

- Prince.* WHAT'S the matter?  
 175 *Falst.* What's the matter? here be foure of  
 vs, haue ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.  
*Prince.* Where is it, *Iack*? where is it?  
 180 *Falst.* Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a  
 hundred vpon poore foure of vs.  
*Prince.* What, a hundred, man?

dis hæpi bri:d ov men, dis lit,l world, 45  
 dis presius sto:n set in de silver se;,  
 hwitf servz it in de ofis ov æ wail  
 or æz æ mo:t defensiv tu æ huws.  
 ægæinst de envi ov les hæpïer lændz,  
 dis blesed plot, dis e(:)rθ. dis ri:lm, dis iŋlænd, 50  
 . . . . .  
 dis lænd ov sutf de:r soulz. dis de:r de:r lænd,  
 de:r for her repiutæ:sion θru: de world,  
 iz nuw le:st uwt, ij dij pronuwnsij it,  
 lijk tu æ tenement or peltij færm: 60  
 iŋlænd, buwnd in wid de trijumfænt se;,  
 hwi:z roki fo:r be:ts bæc de envius si:d;,  
 ov wæt(e)ri neptiun, (i)z nuw buwnd in wid fæ:m,  
 wid iŋki blots ænd rot,n pærtfment bondz:  
 dæt iŋlænd, dæt wæz wunt tu konker uderz, 65  
 hæθ mæ:d æ fæ:mful konkwest ov itself.  
 æh, wu:ld de skændæl vænif wid mij lijf,  
 huw hæpi den wer mij insiuiŋ de(:)θ!

## FROM THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

## ACT II. SCENE IV.

prins.] hwæts de mæter?  
 fa:lstæf.] hwæts de mæter! he:r bi four ov 175  
 us hæv tæ:n æ θuwzænd puwnd dis mornij.  
 prins.] hwe:r iz it, dʒæk? hwe:r iz it?  
 fa:lstæf.] hwe:r iz it! tæk,n from us it iz: æ 180  
 hundred upon pu:r four ov us.  
 prins.] hwæt, æ hundred, mæn?

*Falst.* I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword  
 with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue  
 185 scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through  
 the Doublet, foure through the Hose, my Buckler  
 cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a  
 Hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I neuer dealt better since  
 I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all  
 190 Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or  
 lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes  
 of darknesse.

*Prince.* Speake firs, how was it?

*Gad.* We foure fet upon some dozen.

*Falst.* Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

195 *Gad.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Falst.* You Rogue, they were bound, euery  
 man of them, or I am a Iew else, an Ebrew Iew.

200 *Gad.* As we were sharing, some fixe or seuen  
 fresh men set vpon vs.

*Falst.* And vnbound the rest, and then come  
 in the other.

*Prince.* What, fought yee with them all?

205 *Falst.* All? I know not what yee call all:  
 but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a  
 bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three  
 and fiftie vpon poore olde *Iack*, then am I no two-  
 legg'd Creature.

*Prin.*<sup>1</sup> Pray Heauen, you haue not murthered  
 210 some of them.

*Falst.* Nay, that's past praying for, I haue  
 pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed,

<sup>1</sup> *Poin.*

fa:lstæf.] ij æm æ ro:g, if ij wer not æt ha:f-  
 sword<sup>1</sup> wid æ duz,n ov ðem tu: uwrz tageder. ij  
 hæv skæ:pt bij miræk,l. ij æm æit tijmz θrust θru: de <sup>185</sup>  
 dublet, four θru: de ho:z; mij bukler kut θru: ænd  
 θru:; mijswu(:)rd<sup>1</sup> hækt lijk æhænd-sa:—eksesignum!  
 ij never delt beter sins ij wæz æ mæn: a:l wu:ld  
 not du:. æ plæ:g ov a:l kuwærdz! let ðem spe:k: <sup>190</sup>  
 if ðæi spe:k mo:r or les ðen triuθ, ðæi ær vilæinz  
 ænd de sunz ov dærknes.

prins.] spe:k, sirz; huw wæz it?

gædzhil.] wi: four set upon sum duz,n—

fa:lstæf.] siksti:n æt le:st mij lord.

gædzhil.] ænd buwnd ðem.

195

per:to:] no:, no:, ðæi wer not buwnd.

fa:lstæf.] iu ro:g, ðæi we:r buwnd, ev(e)ri mæn  
 ov ðem; or ij æm æ dgiu els, æn e:briu dgiu.

gædzhil.] æz wi wer fæ:riŋ, sum siks or seven <sup>200</sup>  
 fref men set upon us—

fa:lstæf.] ænd unbuwnd de rest, ænd ðen kum  
 in de uder.

prins.] hwæt. fout ji wid ðem a:l?

fa:lstæf.] a:l! ij kno: not hwæt ji ka:l a:l; <sup>205</sup>  
 but if ij fout not wid fifti ov ðem, ij æm æ buntf  
 ov rædiŋ: if ðer wer not tu: or θri: ænd fifti upon  
 pu:r ould dgiuk, ðen æm ij no tu:-legd kre:tiur.

prins.] præi he(:)vn iu hæv not murder(e)d <sup>210</sup>  
 sum ov ðem.

fa:lstæf.] næi, ðæts pæst præiŋ for: ij hæv  
 peperd tu: ov ðem; tu: ij æm siur ij hæv pæid,

<sup>1</sup> Or swu(:)rd.

two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what,  
 215 *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me  
 Horfe: thou knowest my olde ward:<sup>1</sup> here I lay,  
 and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buck-  
 rom let driue at me.

*Prince*. What, foure? thou sayd'st but two,  
 euen now.

220 *Falst*. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

*Poin*. I, I, he said foure.

*Falst*. These foure came all a-front, and mainly  
 thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all  
 their seuen points in my Targuet, thus.

225 *Prince*. Seuen? why there were but foure,  
 euen now.

*Falst*. In Buckrom.

*Poin*. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

230 *Falst*. Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine  
 elfe.

*Prin*. Prethee let him alone, whe shall haue  
 more anon.

*Falst*. Doeſt thou heare me, *Hal*?

*Prin*. I, and marke thee too, *Iack*.

235 *Falst*. Doe ſo, for it is worth the liſtning  
 too: theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

*Prin*. So, two more alreadie.

*Falst*. Their Points being broken.

*Poin*. Downe fell his Hoſe.

240 *Falst*. Began to giue me ground: but I followed  
 me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and with a thought,  
 ſeuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

*Prin*. O monſtrous! eleuen Buckrom men  
 245 growne out of two?

<sup>1</sup> word.

tu: ro:gz in bukrom siuts. ij tel di hwæt, hæl, if ij  
tel di æ lij, spit in mij fæ:s, ka:l mi hors. duw<sup>215</sup>  
knouest mij ould wærd: he:r ij læi, ænd dus ij  
bo:r mij point. four ro:gz in bukrom let drijv  
æt mi:—

prins.] hwæt, four? duw sæidst but tu: i:v,n  
nuw.

fa:lstæf.] four, hæl; ij tould di four. 220

poinz.] ij, ij, hi sæid four.

fa:lstæf.] de:z four kæ:m a:l æ-frunt, ænd  
mæinli θrust æt mi:. ij mæ:d no mo:r ædu: but  
tu:k a:l dæir sev,n points in mij tærget, dus.

prins.] sev,n? hwij, der wer but four i:v,n<sup>225</sup>  
nuw.

fa:lstæf.] in bukrom?

poinz.] ij, four, in bukrom siuts.

fa:lstæf.] sev,n, bij de:z hiltz, or ij æm æ<sup>230</sup>  
vilæin els.

prins.] pridi:, let him ælo:n; wi fæl hæ:v mo:r  
ænon.

fa:lstæf.] dust duw he:r mi, hæl?

prins.] ij, ænd mærk di tu:. dꝥæk.

fa:lstæf.] du: so, for it iz wurθ de listniȝ tu:.<sup>235</sup>  
de:z niȝn in bukrom dæt ij tould di ov—

prins.] so: tu: mo:r a:lre(:)di.

fa:lstæf.] dæir points bi:ȝ brok,n—

poinz.] duwn fel (h)iz ho:z.

fa:lstæf.] biȝæn tu giv mi gruwnd: but ij<sup>240</sup>  
foloud mi klo:s. kæm in furt ænd hænd; ænd wid  
æ θout sev,n ov de elev,n ij pæid.

prins.] o: monstus! elev,n bukrom men groun  
uwt ov tu:!

*Falst.* But as the Deuill would haue it, three mil-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let driue at me; for it was so darke, *Hal*, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.

. . . . .

*Prin.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reason: what say'st thou to this?

260 *Poin.* Come, your reason *Iack*, your reason.

*Falst.* What, vpon compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? If Reasons were as plentie  
265 as Black-berries, I would giue no man a Reason vpon compulsion, I.

\* \* \*

#### ACT V. SCENE IV.

FARE thee well<sup>1</sup> great heart:  
Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?  
When that this bodie did containe a spirit,  
90 A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:  
But now two paces of the vilest Earth  
Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,  
Beares not aliue so stout a Gentleman.  
If thou wer't sensible of curtesie,  
95 I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.  
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,  
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe  
For doing these fayre Rites of Tenderneffe.

<sup>1</sup> Farewell *F*, Fare thee well *Q*.

fa:lstæf.] but, æz de di:v,l wu:ld hæ:v it, θri:  
misbigot,n knæ:vz in kendæl gri:n kæ:m æt mij  
bæk ænd let dri:v æt mi; for it wæz so dærk, hæl,  
dæt duw ku:ldst not si: dij hænd.

. . . . .  
prins.] hwij, huw ku:ldst duw kno: de:z men  
in kendæl gri:n, hwen it wæz so dærk duw ku:ldst  
not si: dij hænd? kum, tel us iur re:z,n: hwæt sæist  
duw tu dis?

poinz.] kum, iur re:z,n, dʒæk, iur re:z,n. 260

fa:lstæf.] hwæt, upon kompulsïon? no:: we:r  
ij æt de stræpæ:do, or a:l de ræks in de world,  
ij wu:ld not tel iu on kompulsïon. giv iu æ re:z,n  
on kompulsïon! if re:z,nz wer æz plenti æz blæk-  
beriz, ij wu:ld giv no: mæn æ re:z,n upon kom- 265  
pulsïon, ij.

\* \* \*

#### ACT V. SCENE IV.

fæ:r di wel, gre:t hært!  
il-we:vd ær:bisïon, huw mutf ært duw frunƿk!  
hwen dæt dis bodi did kontæin æ spirit,  
æ kinƿdum for it wæz tu: smæl æ buwnd; 90  
but nuw tu: pæ:sez ov de vijlest e(:)rθ  
iz ru:m inuf: dis e(:)rθ dæt be:rz de ded  
be:rz not ælijv so stuwt æ dʒent.lmæn.  
if duw wert sensib,l ov kurtesi  
ij fu:ld not mæk so gre:t æ fo: ov ze:l: 95  
but, let mij fæ:vorz hijd dij mænjgled fæ:rs;  
ænd, i:v n in dij bihæ:f, ijl θæŋk mijselƿ  
for du:ij de:z fæir rijts ov tendernes.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,  
 100 Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,  
 But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

## FROM THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

How many thouland of my pooreſt Subiects  
 5 Are at this howre aſleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,  
 Natures ſoft Nurſe, how haue I frighted thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,  
 And ſteepe my Sences in Forgetfulneſſe?  
 Why rather (Sleepe) lyeſt thou in ſmoakie Cribs,  
 10 Vpon vneafie Pallads ſtretching thee,  
 And huiſht with buſſing Night-flyes<sup>1</sup> to thy flumber,  
 Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?  
 Vnder the Canopies of coſtly State,  
 And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt Melodie?  
 15 O thou dull God, why lyeſt thou with the vilde,  
 In loathſome Beds, and leau'ſt the Kingly Couch,  
 A Watch-caſe, or a common Larum-Bell?  
 Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Maſt,  
 Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,  
 20 In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,  
 And in the viſitation of the Windes,  
 Who take the Ruſſian Billowes by the top,  
 Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deaſſ'ning Clamors in the ſlipp'ry Clouds,  
 25 That with the hurley, Death it ſelfe awakes?

<sup>1</sup> Night, flies.

ædiu, ænd tæk dij præiz wið di tu he(:)v,n!  
 dij ignomi sli:p wið di in de græ:v, 100  
 but not remembred in dij epitæf!

## FROM THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

huw mæni þuwzænd ov mij pu:rest subdʒekts  
 ær æt dis uwr æsli:p! o: sli:p, o: dʒent,l sli:p, 5  
 næ:tiurz soft nurs, huw hæv ij frijted di,  
 dæt duw no mo:r wilt wæi mij ijlidz duwn  
 ænd sti:p mij sensez in forgetfulnes?  
 hwij ræder, sli:p, lijst duw in smo:ki kribz,  
 upon une:zi pælædz stretʃiŋ di: 10  
 ænd hwift<sup>1</sup> wið buziŋ ni:t-fliiz tu dij slumber,  
 den in de perfumd tʃæmberz ov de gre:t,  
 under de kænopiz ov kostli stæ:t,  
 ænd luld wið suwndz ov swi:test melodi?  
 o: duw dul god, hwij lijst duw wið de vijld 15  
 in lo:θsum bedz, ænd le:vst de kiŋli kuwtʃ  
 æ wætʃ-kæ:s or æ komon lærum-bel?  
 wilt duw upon de hij ænd ʒidi mæst  
 se:l up de ʃip-boiz iʒ, ænd rok hiz bræinz  
 in kræ:d,l ov de riud imper:rius surdʒ 20  
 ænd in de vizitæ:ʃion ov de wijndz.  
 huw: tæk de ruffæn bilouz bij de top,  
 kurlin dæir monstrus hedz ænd hæŋgiŋ dem  
 wið defniŋ klæmorz in de slipri kluwdz,  
 dæt, wið de hurli, de(:)θ itself æwæ:ks? 25

<sup>1</sup> Or huft.

Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repose  
 To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude:  
 And in the calmeſt, and moſt ſtilleſt Night,  
 With all appliances, and meanes to boote,  
 30 Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,  
 Vneafie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

\*                      \*

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

WILL Fortune neuer come with both hands full,  
 But write her faire words ſtill in fouleſt Letters?  
 105 Shee eyther gives a Stomack, and no Foode,  
 (Such are the poore, in health) or elle a Feaſt,  
 And takes away the Stomack (ſuch are the Rich,  
 That haue abondance, and enioy it not.)

FROM KING HENRY V.

ACT III. SCENE IV.<sup>1</sup>

*Kath.* Alice, tu as eſté<sup>2</sup> en Angleterre, et  
 tu bien parlas le Language.

*Alice.* Un<sup>3</sup> peu Madame.

*Kath.* Je te prie, m'enſigniez, il faut que  
 5 ie apprenne<sup>4</sup> a parler:<sup>5</sup> Coment<sup>6</sup> appelez<sup>7</sup> vous  
 la<sup>8</sup> main en Anglois?

*Alice.* La<sup>9</sup> main, elle<sup>10</sup> eſt<sup>11</sup> appelee<sup>7</sup> de Hand.

<sup>1</sup> *In order to serve as a basis for a "received" pronunciation, the text has been altered also in places where the F readings may be original (cf. le for la and les, apprend for apprenne, &c.). The Q texts differ so much that they have been disregarded. A few commas, &c. have been omitted or supplied.*

<sup>2</sup> eſte.                      <sup>3</sup> En.  
<sup>4</sup> apprend.            <sup>5</sup> parlen.            <sup>6</sup> Comient.            <sup>7</sup> appelle.            <sup>8</sup> le.

<sup>9</sup> Le.                      <sup>10</sup> il.                      <sup>11</sup> &.

kænst ðuw, o: pærsiæl sli:p, giv ðij repo:z  
 tu ðe wet se:boi in æn uwr so riud,  
 ænd in ðe ka:mest ænd mo:st stilest niȝt,  
 wið a:l æpliǵensez ænd me:nz tu bu:t,  
 denij it tu æ kiȝ? ðen hæpi lo:, lij duwn! 30  
 une:zi lijz ðe hed ðæt we:rz æ kruwn.

\*                      \*

#### ACT IV. SCENE IV.

wil fortiun never kum wið bo:θ hændz ful,  
 but wriȝt her fæir wordz stil in fuwlest leterz?  
 ȝi e:der givz æ stumæk ænd no fu:d; 105  
 sutȝ ær ðe pu:r, in helθ; or els æ fe:st  
 ænd tæ:ks æwæi ðe stumæk; sutȝ ær ðe ritȝ,  
 ðæt hæv æbundæns ænd indȝoi it not.

### FROM KING HENRY V.

#### ACT III. SCENE IV.<sup>1</sup>

kæθerin.] alisə, ty a(z) ete ā:n ā:glətər:ə, e ty  
 bjī: parla lə lāga:zə.

ælis.] ȳ: pə, madamə.

kæθerin.] ȝə tə pri:ə mā:sepe:: il fo: kə ȝapɾən  
 a parle:. kū:mā:(t) apəle:vu: la mēi: ā:n ā:glōə:? 5

ælis.] la mēi:? əl ɛ:t apəle: "de hænd."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In our F. transcription, which can be only tentative, e, o, and ɛ, ɔ, stand for the close and open sounds respectively, whilst no distinction between different shades of "a" (a) and "eu" (ə) sounds has been attempted. i and y (= "u") are always close. ɔ is the indistinct "e féminine;" ɥ, non-syllabic y. Nasal vowels are denoted by ȳ, &c. Vowel-length is more or less doubtful. The only new consonant is ȝ, i. e. the palatal nasal sound = "gn." <sup>2</sup> Or, after the F. manner, də hā:(n)d.

*Kath.* De Hand. E les<sup>1</sup> doysts?<sup>2</sup>

*Alice.*<sup>3</sup> Les<sup>4</sup> doysts, ma foy le oublie, les  
10 doysts,<sup>5</sup> maye ie me fouien(d)ray,<sup>6</sup> les<sup>1</sup> doysts, ie  
penſe qu'ils ſont<sup>7</sup> appellés<sup>8</sup> de fingres, oui,<sup>9</sup> de  
fingres.

*Kath.*<sup>10</sup> La<sup>4</sup> main de Hand, les<sup>1</sup> doysts de<sup>1</sup>  
Fingres, ie penſe que ie ſuis le bon eſcholier.  
15 l'ay gaynié<sup>11</sup> deux<sup>12</sup> mots d'Anglois viſtement,  
coment appelez<sup>8</sup> vous les<sup>1</sup> ongles?

*Alice.* Les<sup>4</sup> ongles, nous<sup>13</sup> les appellons de Nayles.

*Kath.* De Nayles, eſcoute: dites moy, ſi ie  
parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.

20 *Alice.* C'eſt bien dict Madame, il eſt<sup>14</sup> fort  
bon Anglois.

*Kath.* Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

*Alice.* De Arme, Madame.

*Kath.* E le<sup>15</sup> coude?<sup>16</sup>

25 *Alice.* D'Elbow.

*Kath.* D'Elbow: Ie m'en<sup>17</sup> fay la<sup>1</sup> repetition<sup>18</sup>  
de tous les mots que vous m'avés<sup>19</sup> apprins des a  
preſent.

*Alice.* Il eſt<sup>14</sup> trop difficile Madame, comme  
30 Ie penſe.

*Kath.* Excuse moy Alice, eſcoute, d'Hand, de  
Fingres,<sup>20</sup> de Nayles, d'Arme, de Bilbow.

*Alice.* D'Elbow, Madame.

*Kath.* O Seigneur Dieu, ie m'en<sup>17</sup> oublie, d'Elbow,  
coment appelez<sup>8</sup> vous le col?

<sup>1</sup> Ie.    <sup>2</sup> E le doysts *given to Alice.*    <sup>3</sup> Kat.    <sup>4</sup> Le.  
<sup>5</sup> e doyt.    <sup>6</sup> fouemeray.    <sup>7</sup> ont.    <sup>8</sup> appelle.    <sup>9</sup> on.  
<sup>10</sup> Alice.    *Only the second sentence given to Kath.*  
<sup>11</sup> gaynié.    <sup>12</sup> diux.    <sup>13</sup> nous *om.*    <sup>14</sup> &.    <sup>15</sup> de.  
<sup>16</sup> coudee.    <sup>17</sup> men.    <sup>18</sup> repiticio.    <sup>19</sup> maves.    <sup>20</sup> Fingre.

kæθerin.] “de hænd.” e læ: dōs:?

ælis.] læ: dōs:? ma fōs, ʒubli:ə læ: dōs:; mæ: ʒə 10  
mə suvʒi:(d)re. læ: dōs:? ʒə pā:sə kil sūt apəle: “de  
fiŋgerz;” wi, “de fiŋgerz.”<sup>1</sup>

kæθerin.] la mēi:, “de hænd;” læ: dōs:, “de  
fiŋgerz;” ʒə pā:sə kə ʒə sʊi lə bû:n ekolje:; ʒe  
gaʒe də: mo: dā:glōs: vitəmā: kû:mā:(t) apəle:-vu: 15  
læz û:glə?

ælis.] læz û:glə? nu: læz apəlû: “de næilz.”<sup>2</sup>

kæθerin.] “de næilz.” eku:tə; ditə-mōs si ʒe  
parlə bjī: “de hænd,” “de fiŋgerz,” e “de næilz.”

ælis.] sɛ: bjī: di. madamə; il ɛ: fɔ:r bû:n 20  
ā:glōs:.

kæθerin.] ditə-mōs lā:glōs: pu:r lə bra:.

ælis.] “de ærm,”<sup>3</sup> madamə.

kæθerin.] e lə ku:də?

ælis.] “delbo:.”<sup>4</sup>

25

kæθerin.] “delbo:.” ʒə mā: fɛ: la repetisjû:  
də tu: læ: mo: kə vu: mave:(z) aprī:<sup>5</sup> dɛ:z a  
prezā:.

ælis.] il ɛ: trɔ(p) difisilə, madamə, kû:mə ʒə  
pā:sə. 30

kæθerin.] ɛksky:zə-mōs, alisə; eku:tə: “dænd,”  
“de fiŋgerz,” “de næilz,” “dærmæ,”<sup>6</sup> “de bilbo:.”

ælis.] “delbo:.” madamə.

kæθerin.] o: seɲɔ:r djə, ʒə mā:n ubli:ə! “delbo:.”  
kû:mā:(t) apəle:-vu: lə kəl?<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Or fi:(p)grəz (cf. p. 107, note 2).

<sup>2</sup> næ:lz (cf. ib.).

<sup>3</sup> arm.

<sup>4</sup> dælbo.

<sup>5</sup> aprī: (if we read “*appris*”).

<sup>6</sup> darmə.

<sup>7</sup> ku:.

35 *Alice.* De Neck,<sup>1</sup> Madame.

*Kath.* De Nick, e le menton?

*Alice.* De Chin.

*Kath.* De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton  
40 de Sin.

*Alice.* Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verité<sup>2</sup>  
vous pronounciés<sup>3</sup> les mots aui droict, que les<sup>4</sup>  
Natifs d'Angleterre.

## FROM KING RICHARD III.

### ACT I. SCENE 1.

NOW is the Winter of our Discontent,  
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:  
And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our house  
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.

5 Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,  
Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments;  
Our sterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;  
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures.  
Grim-vifag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled  
Front:

10 And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,  
To fright the Soules of fearfull Aduersaries,  
He capers nimble in a Ladies Chamber,  
To the lasciuious pleasing of a Lute.

But I, that am not shap'd for sportiue trickes,  
15 Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:  
I, that am Rudely stamp't, and want loues Maiesty,

<sup>1</sup> Nick.

<sup>2</sup> verite.

<sup>3</sup> pronouncies.

<sup>4</sup> le.

ælis.] “de nek,” madamæ.

35

kæðerin.] “de nik.” e læ mǣ:tū?

ælis.] “de tfin.”

kæðerin.] “de sin.” læ kōl, “de nik;” læ mǣ:tū;

“de sin.”

40

ælis.] wi. so:f vōtr ū:nœr, ā: verite, vu:

prōnū:sje: læ: mō:(z) o:si drōē kē læ: natif dā:glōtæræ.

## FROM KING RICHARD III.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

nuw iz de winter ov uwr diskontent

mæ:d glō:rīus sumer bij dis sun ov jork;

ænd a:l de kluwdz dæt luwrd upon uwr huws

in de di:p buzom ov de o:sāen berid.

nuw ær uwr bruwz buwnd wið vikto:rīus wre:dz; 5

uwr briuzed ærmz huȝ up for moniuments;

uwr stern ækærumz tʃændʒd tu meri mi:tiȝz

uwr dredful mærtʃez tu delijtful me(:)ziurz.

grim-vizædzd wær hæθ smu:dd hiz wrinkled frunt;

ænd nuw, insted ov muwntiȝ bærbed sti:dz

10

tu frijt de soulz ov fe:rful ædversæriz,

hi kæ:perz nimbli in æ læ:diz tʃember

tu de læsivīus ple:ziȝ ov æ liut.

but ij, dæt æm not ʃæ:pt for sportiv triks,

nor mæ:d tu ku:rt æn æm(o)rus lu:kiȝ-glæs;

15

ij, dæt æm riudli stæmpt, ænd wænt luvz mædz(e)sti

To strut before a wanton<sup>1</sup> ambling Nymph:  
 I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,  
 Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,  
 20 Deform'd, vn-finish'd, sent before my time  
 Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made vp,  
 And that so lamely and vnfashionable;  
 That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them:  
 Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)  
 25 Haue no delight to passe away the time,  
 Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,  
 And descant on mine owne Deformity.  
 And therefore, since I cannot proue a Louer,  
 To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,  
 30 I am determin'd to proue a Villaine,  
 And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.

\*     \*     \*

#### ACT IV. SCENE III.

THE tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,  
 The most arch deed of pittious maffacre  
 That euer yet this Land was guilty of:  
*Dighton* and *Forrest*, who I did suborne  
 5 To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,  
 Albeit they were flesht Villaines, bloody Dogges,  
 Melted with tenderesse, and milde compassion,  
 Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.  
 O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes:  
 10 Thus, thus (quoth *Forrest*) girdling one another  
 Within their Alablafter innocent Armes:  
 Their lips were foure red Roses on a Italke,  
 And in their Summer Beauty kist each other.

<sup>1</sup> wonton.

tu strut befor æ wænton æmblig nimf;  
 ij, dæt æm kurtæild ov dis fæir proporsion,  
 tseted ov fertiur bij disembling næ:tiur,  
 deformd, unfinist, sent befor mij tijm 20  
 intu dis bre:diŋ world, skærs hæf mæ:d up,  
 ænd dæt so: læmli ænd unfæstionæb,l  
 dæt dogz bærk æt mi: æz ij hælt bij dem;  
 hwij, ij, in dis we:k pijpiŋ tijm ov pe:s,  
 hæv no: delijt tu pæs æwæi de tijm, 25  
 unles tu si: mij fædo: in de sun  
 ænd deskænt on mijn oun deformiti:  
 ænd derfor, sins ij kænnot pruv æ luver,  
 tu entertæin de:z fæir wel-spo:k,n dæiz,  
 ij æm determined tu pruv æ vikein 30  
 ænd hæ:t de ijd,l ple(:)ziurz ov de:z dæiz.

\*     \*     \*

#### ACT IV. SCENE III.

de tirænus ænd bludi ækt iz dun,  
 de mo:st ærtf di:d ov pitius mæsæker  
 dæt ever jit dis lænd wæz gilti ov.  
 diŋton ænd forest, hwu: ij did suborn  
 tu du: dis pi:s ov riuθful butferi, 5  
 ælbi:(i)t dæi wer flest vikeinz, bludi dogz,  
 melted wid tendernes ænd kijnd kompæšion  
 wept lik tu: tŋildren in dæir de(:)θs sæd storri.  
 "o: dus," kwoθ diŋton, "læi de dʒent,l bæ:bz:"  
 "dus, dus," kwoθ forest, "girdliŋ o:n ænuder 10  
 widin dæir æklebæster inosent ærmz:  
 dæir lips wer four red ro:zez on æ stæ:k,  
 ænd in dæir sumer beuti kist e:tʃ uder.

A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,  
 15 Which once<sup>1</sup> (quoth *Forrest*) almost chang'd my minde:  
 But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine stopt:  
 When *Dighton* thus told on, we smothered  
 The most replenished sweet worke of Nature,  
 That from the prime Creation ere she framed.  
 20 Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,  
 They could not speake, and so I left them both,  
 To beare this tydings to the bloody King.

\*            \*

ACT V. SCENE IV.

*Cat.* RESCUE my Lord of Norfolke, Rescue,  
 Rescue:<sup>2</sup>

The King enacts more wonders then a man,  
 Daring an opposite to euery danger:  
 His horse is flaine, and all on foot he fights,  
 5 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:  
 Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

*Rich.* A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for  
 a Horse.

*Cates.* Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to  
 a Horse.

*Rich.* Slaue, I haue set my life vpon a cast,  
 10 And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:  
 I thinke there be fixe Richmonds in the field,  
 Fiue haue I flaine to day, in stead of him.  
 A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.

---

<sup>1</sup> one *F*, once *Q*.

<sup>2</sup> Rescue, Rescue: *a separate line.*

æ bu:k ov præi,rz on dæir pilo: læi;  
 hwitf o:ns," kwoθ forest, "a:lmo:st tʃændʒd mij mijnd; 15  
 but o:! de di:vil"—dæ:r de vilæin stopt;  
 hwen dihton ðus tould on: "wi smuderð  
 de mo:st repleniʃed swi:t wurk ov næ:tiur,  
 dæt from de prijm kreæ:sion e:r ʃi fræ:md."  
 hens bo:θ ær go:n wið kon:siens ænd remors; 20  
 dæi ku:ld not spe:k; ænd so: ij left ðem bo:θ,  
 tu be:r ðis tijdiŋz tu de bludi kiŋ.

\* \* \*

ACT V. SCENE IV.

kæ:tsbi.] reskiu, mij lord ov norfouk, reskiu,  
 reskiu!

de kiŋ enækts mo:r wunderz den æ mæn,  
 dæ:riŋ æn opozit tu ev(e)ri dændʒer:  
 hiz hors iz slæin, ænd a:l on furt hi fiŋts,  
 si:kiŋ for ritiŋmond in de θro:t ov de(:)θ. 5  
 reskiu, fæir lord, or els de dæi iz lost!

ritiŋd.] æ hors! æ hors! mij kiŋdum for æ  
 hors!

kæ:tsbi.] wiθdra:, mij lord! ijl help iu tu æ  
 hors.

ritiŋd.] slæ:v, ij hæv set mij li:f upon æ kæst,  
 ænd ij wil stænd de hæzærd ov de diŋ: 10  
 ij θiŋk der bi siks ritiŋmondz in de fi:ld;  
 fi:f hæv ij slæin tu-dæi insted ov him.  
 æ hors! æ hors! mij kiŋdum for æ hors!

## FROM KING HENRY VIII.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

FAREWELL!<sup>1</sup> A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.  
This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth  
The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,  
And beares his blushing Honors thicke vpon him:  
355 The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,  
And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely  
His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,  
And then he fals as I do. I haue ventur'd  
Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:  
360 This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,  
But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride  
At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me  
Weary, and old with Seruice, to the mercy  
Of a rude streame, that must for euer hide me.  
365 Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,  
I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched  
Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes fauors?  
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too,  
That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,  
370 More pangs, and feares then warres, or women haue;  
And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,  
Neuer to hope againe.

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<sup>1</sup> Farewell?.

## FROM KING HENRY VIII.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

færwel! æ loŋ færwel, tu a:l mij gretnes!  
 dis iz de stært ov mæn: tu-dæi hi puts furð  
 de tender le:vz ov ho:ps; tu-moro: blosomz,  
 ænd be:rz hiz blufiŋ onorz ðik upon him;  
 de ðird dæi kumz æ frost, æ kilinŋ frost, 355  
 ænd hwen hi ðinŋks, gud e:zi mæn, ful siurli  
 hiz gretnes iz æ-rijpniŋ, nips hiz rut,  
 ænd ðen hi fa:lz, æz ij dur. ij hæv ventiu:rd,<sup>1</sup>  
 lik lit,l wænton boiz dæt swim on blæderz,  
 dis mæni sumerz in æ se: ov glo:ri, 360  
 but fær bi-jond mij depθ: mij hij-bloun prijd  
 æt leŋθ bro:k under mi: ænd nuw hæz left mi,  
 we:ri ænd ould wid servis, tu de mersi  
 ov æ riud stre:m, dæt must for ever hijd mi.  
 væin pomp ænd glo:ri ov dis world, ij hæ:rt ji: 365  
 ij fi:l mij hæ:rt niu o:p,nd. o: huw wretsfed  
 iz dæt pur mæn dæt hæŋz on prinsez fær:vorz!  
 der iz, bitwikst dæt smi:l wi wuld æspijr tu,  
 dæt swi:t æspekt ov prinsez, ænd dæir riuin,  
 mo:r pænŋ ænd fe:rz ðen wæ:rz or wimen hæ:v: 370  
 ænd hwen hi fa:lz, hi fa:lz lik liusifer,  
 never tu ho:p ægæin.

<sup>1</sup> Or venterd.



## FROM CORIOLANUS.

## ACT V. SCENE III.

næi, go: not from us dus.

if it we:r so: dæt uwr rekwest did tend  
 tu sæ:v de ro:mænz, de:rbij tu destroi  
 de volse:z hwu:m iu serv, iu mijt kondem us,  
 æz poiznus ov iur onor: no:; uwr siut 135  
 iz, dæt iu rekonsijl dem: hwijl de volse:z  
 mæi sæi "dis mersi wi hæv foud;" de ro:mænz,  
 "dis wi rese:vd;" ænd e:tf in e:der sijð  
 giv de a:l-hæil tu di:, ænd krij "bi: blest  
 for mæ:kiŋ up dis pe:s!" duw knoust, gre:t sun, 140

de end ov wærz unsertæin, but ðis sertæin,  
 dæt, if duw konker ru:m, de benefit  
 hwitf duw fælt de:rbij re:p iz sutf æ næ:m,  
 hwu:z repetiþon wil bi dogd wið kursez;  
 hwu:z kronik,l dus writ: "de mæn wæz no:b,l, 145  
 but wið hiz læst ætempt hi wijpt it uwt;  
 destroid hiz kuntri, ænd hiz næ:m remæinz  
 tu dinsiuiŋ æ:d; æbhord." spe:k tu mi:, sun:  
 duw hæst æfekted de fiŋ stræinz ov onor,  
 tu imitæ:t de græ:sez ov de godz: 150  
 tu te:r wið þunder de wijd tfi:ks o dæir  
 ænd jit tu tŋærdz diŋ sulfur wið æ boult  
 dæt fu:ld but rijv æn o:k. hwij dust not spe:k?  
 þiŋkst duw it on(o)ræbl for æ no:b,l mæn  
 stil tu remember wroŋz? dæ:ter, spe:k iu: 155  
 hi kær:z not for iur wi:piŋ. spe:k duw, boi:

Perhaps thy childifhneffe will moue him more  
 Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world  
 More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate  
 160 Like one i'th' Stockes. Thou haft neuer in thy life,  
 Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtesie,  
 When ſhe (poore Hen) fond of no ſecond brood,  
 Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and ſafelie home  
 Loden with Honor. Say my Requeſt's vniuſt,  
 165 And ſpurne me backe: But, if it be not ſo  
 Thou art not honeſt, and the Gods will plague thee  
 That thou refrain't from me the Duty, which  
 To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:  
 Down Ladies: let vs ſhame him with our knees  
 170 To his ſur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride  
 Then pittie to our Prayers. Downe: an end,  
 This is the laſt. So, we will home to Rome,  
 And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,  
 This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,  
 175 But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowſhip,  
 Doe's reaſon our Petition with more ſtrength  
 Then thou haft to deny't. Come, let vs go:  
 This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:  
 His Wife is in *Corioles*, and his Childe  
 180 Like him by chance: yet giue vs our diſpatch:  
 I am huſht vntill our City be afire,  
 And then Ile ſpeak a litle.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> & then ile ſpeak a litle, *not beginning a new line.*

perhæps dij tſijldifnes wil mu:v him mo:r  
 den kæn uwr re:z,nz. derz no: mæn in de world  
 mo:r buwnd tuz muder; jit he:r hi lets mi præ:t  
 lijk o:n id stoks. duw (hæ)st never in dij lijf 160  
 foud dij de:r muder æni kurtesi,  
 hwen fi:, pu:r hen, fond ov no: sekond brud,  
 hæz klokt di tu de wærz ænd sæfli ho:m,  
 lo:d,n wið onor. sæi mij rekwests undꝥust,  
 ænd spurn mi bæc: but if it bi: not so:, 165  
 duw ært not onest; ænd de godz wil plæ:g di:,  
 dæt duw restræinst from mi: de diuti hwitf  
 tū æ muderz pært bilongz. hi turnz æwæi:  
 duwn, læ:diz; let us fæ:m him wið uwr kni:z.  
 tū (h)iz surnæ:m koriōlæ:nus longz mo:r prijd 170  
 den piti tu uwr præi:rz. duwn: æn end;  
 dis iz de læst: so: wi wil ho:m tu ru:m,  
 ænd dij æmon uwr ne:borz:<sup>2</sup> næi, bihoulds:  
 dis boi, dæt kænot tel hwæt hi wu:ld hæ:v,  
 but kni:lz ænd houldz up hændz for felo:fip, 175  
 duz re:z,n uwr petisïon wið mo:r strejð  
 den duw hæst tu denijt. kum, let us go: :  
 dis felo: hæd æ volscæn tu hiz muder;  
 hiz wijf iz in kori(j)o:le:z, ænd hiz tſijld  
 lijk him bij tſæns. jit giv us uwr dispætſ: 180  
 ij (æ)m huft until uwr siti bi: æfijr,  
 ænd den ijl spe:k æ lit,l.

---

<sup>1</sup> Or næiborz.

FROM ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT II. SCENE II.

25      *Rom.*      She ſpeakes.

Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art  
As glorious to this night being ore my head,  
As is a winged messenger of heauen  
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes  
30 Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,  
When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,  
And failes vpon the bosome of the ayre.

*Iul.* O *Romeo, Romeo*, wherefore art thou  
*Romeo?*

Denie thy Father and refufe thy name:  
 35 Or if thou wilt not, be but fworne my Loue,  
 And Ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

*Rom.* Shall I heare more, or shall I speake  
at this?

*Iu.* 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:  
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,  
40 What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,  
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part<sup>1</sup>  
Belonging to a man.<sup>2</sup> O be some other name!  
What's in a name? that<sup>3</sup> which we call a *Rose*,  
By any other word would smell as sweete,  
45 So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cal'd,  
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,  
Without that title. *Romeo*,<sup>4</sup> doffe thy name,  
And for thy name which is no part of thee,  
Take all my selfe.

<sup>1</sup> N. a., n. f., O be some other name *QF*. <sup>2</sup> *Line ending here QF*. <sup>3</sup> What? in a names that. <sup>5</sup> title *Romeo*.,

FROM ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT II. SCENE II.

fi spe:k:s:      25

or, spe:k ægæin, brijt ændʒ!l! for duw ært  
æz gloriŭs tu ðis niȝt, bi:(i)ŋ or mij hed,  
æz iz æ wiŋged mesendʒer ov he(:)vn  
untu de hwijt-uturned wundriŋ iȝz  
ov mortælz dæt fa:l bæc tu gæriz on him      30  
hwen hi bistrijdz de lærzi puŋŋ kluwdz  
ænd sæilz upon de buȝom ov de æir.

dʒiuliet.] o: ro:měo:, ro:měo: ! hwe:rfo:r ært duw  
ro:měo: ?

denij dij fæder ænd refiuz dij næ:m;  
or, if ðuw wilt not, bi: but sworn mij luv, 35  
ænd ijl no longer bi: æ kæpiulet.

ro:məo:]    fæl ij he:r mo:r, or fæl ij spe:k æt  
                                dis?

dziuliet.]    tiz but dij næ:m dæt iz mij enemi;  
duw ært dijselġ, dou not æ muwntægju.  
hwæts muwntægju? it iz nor hænd, nor furt,                 40  
nor ærm, nor fæ:s, nor æni uder pært  
biłonggiȝ tu æ mæn.    o:, bi: sum uder næ:m!  
hwæts in æ næ:m?    dæt hwitſ wi ka:l æ ro:z  
bij æni uder word wuld smel æz switȝ;  
so: ro:mčo: wuld, we(:)r hi not ro:mčo: ka:ld,                 45  
retæin dæt de:r perfeksion hwitſ hi ouz  
widuwȝ dæt tijt,l. ro:mčo:. doſ dij næ:m,  
ænd for dij næ:m hwitſ iz no pært ov di:  
tæk a:l mijselġ.

*Rom.* I take thee at thy word:

50 Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,  
Hence foorth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

. . . . .

*Iul.* Thou knowest the maske of night is on  
my face,

Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheek,  
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,  
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie  
What I haue spoke, but farewell Complement,

90 Dost thou Loue me?<sup>1</sup> I know thou wilt say I,  
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'lt,  
Thou maiest proue false: at Louers periuries  
They say *Ioue* laughs,<sup>2</sup> oh gentle *Romeo*,  
If thou dost Loue, pronounce it faithfully:

95 Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,  
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt wooe: But else not for the world.

In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:

And therefore thou maiest thinke my hauiour<sup>3</sup> light,

100 But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,  
Then those that haue more cunning<sup>4</sup> to be strange,  
I should haue beene more strange, I must confesse,  
But that thou ouer heard'lt ere I was ware  
My true Loues passion, therefore pardon me,

105 And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,  
Which the darke night hath so discovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder blest<sup>5</sup> Moone I vow,  
That tips with siluer all these Fruite tree tops.

*Iul.* O sweare not by the Moone, th'inconstant  
Moone,

<sup>1</sup> me *om.* *F*, me *Q*.    <sup>2</sup> laught.    <sup>3</sup> behauiour *F*, h. *Q*.  
<sup>4</sup> coyng *F*, more cunning *Q*.    <sup>5</sup> blessed *om.* *F*, bl. *Q*.

ro:mëo:.] ij tæk di æt dij word:  
 ka:l mi but luv, ænd ijl bi niu bæptijzd; 50  
 hensfurθ ij never wil bi ro:meo:.

. . . . .  
 dʒiuliet.] duw knoust de mæsk ov nijt iz on 85  
 mij fæ:s,  
 els wuld æ mæid,n bluf bipæint mij tʃi:k  
 for dæt hwitʃ duw hæst hærd mi spe:k tu-nijt.  
 fæin wuld ij dwel on form, fæin, fæin denij  
 hwæt ij hæv spok:k: but fæ:rwel kompliment!  
 dust duw luv mi? ij kno: duw wilt sæi "ij," 90  
 ænd ij wil tæk dij wor: jit, if duw swe:rst  
 duw mæist pru:v fa:ls; æt luverz perdzjuriz,  
 dæi sæi, dʒo:v læfs. o: dʒent,l ro:meo:;  
 if duw dust luv, pronuwns it fæiθfuli:  
 or if duw θiŋkst ij æm tu: kwikli wun, 95  
 ijl fruwn ænd bi pervers ænd sæi di næi,  
 so duw wilt wu:; but els, not for de world.  
 in triuθ, fæir muwntægiu, ij æm tu: fond,  
 ænd de:rfo:r duw mæist θiŋk mij hæ:vʃor lijt:  
 but trust mi:, dʒent,l mæn, ijl pru:v mo:r triu 100  
 den do:z dæt hæ:v mo:r kuniŋ tu bi strændʒ.  
 ij fu:ld hæv bi:n mo:r strændʒ, ij must konfes,  
 but dæt duw overhærdst, e:r ij wæz wæ:r,  
 mij triu luvz pæsion: de:rfo:r pærdon mi:,  
 ænd not impiut dis jildij tu lijt luv, 105  
 hwitʃ de dærk nijt hæθ so: diskuvered.

ro:mëo:.] læ:di, bij jonder blesed mu:n ij vuw  
 dæt tips wid silver a:l de:z friut-tri: tops—  
 dʒiuliet.] o:, swe:r not bij de mu:n, dinkonstænt  
 mu:n,

110 That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,  
 Leaft that thy Loue proue likewise variable.

*Rom.* What fhall I fweare by?

*Iul.* Do not fweare at all:

Or if thou wilt fweare by thy gracious felfe,  
 Which is the God of my Idolatry,

115 And Ile beleeeue thee.

*Rom.* If my hearts deare loue.

*Iuli.* Well do not fweare, although I ioy in thee:

I haue no ioy of this contract to night,

It is too rafh, too vnaduif'd, too fudden,

Too like the lightning which doth ceafe to be

120 Ere one can lay, it lightens, Sweete good night:

This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,

May proue a beautious Flower when next we meete:

Goodnight, goodnight, as fweete repofe and reft,

Come to thy heart, as that within my breft.

125 *Rom.* O wilt thou leaue me fo vnfatisfied?

*Iuli.* What fatisfaction can'ft thou haue to  
 night?

*Ro.* Th'exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow  
 for mine.

*Iul.* I gaue thee mine before thou did'ft  
 request it:

And yet I would it were to giue againe.

130 *Rom.* Would'ft thou withdraw it? For what  
 purpofe Loue?<sup>1</sup>

*Iul.* But to be franke and giue it thee againe,

And yet I wilh but for the thing I haue,

My bounty is as boundleffe as the Sea,

My Loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee

135 The more I haue, for both are Infinite.

\* \* \*

\*

<sup>1</sup> For . . . Loue? *a separate line.*

dæt munðli tʃændʒez in her sirkled orb, 110

lest dæt dij luv pru:v lijkwiʒz væ:rɪæb(.l.<sup>1</sup>

ro:məo:.] hwæt ʃæl ij swe:r bij?

dʒiuliət.] du not swe:r æt a:l;

or, if duw wilt, swe:r bij dij græ:sʊs self,

hwitʃ iz de god ov mij ijdolætri,

ænd ijl bili:v di: 115

ro:məo:.] if mij hærts de:r luv—

dʒiuliət.] wel, du not swe:r a:lðou ij dʒoi in di;

ij hæ:v no dʒoi ov dis kontrækt tu-nijt:

it iz tu: ræʃ, tu: unædvijzd, tu: sudæin;<sup>2</sup>

tu: lijk de lijtnei, hwitʃ duθ se:s tu bi:

e:r o:n kæn sæi “it lijt.nz.” swit, gud nijt! 120

dis bud. ov luv, bij sumerz rijpnei bre(:)θ,

mæi pru:v æ beutʃus fluwr hwen nekst wi mi:t.

gud nijt, gud nijt! æz swit repo:z ænd rest

kum tu dij hært æz dæt widin mij brest!

ro:məo:.] o:, wilt duw le:v mi so: unsætisfijð? 125

dʒiuliət.] hwæt sætisfæksʊn kænst duw hæ:v

tu-nijt?

ro:məo:.] dekstʃændʒ ov dij luvz fæiθful vuw

for mijn.

dʒiuliət.] ij gæ:v di mijn bifo:r duw didst

rekwest it:

ænd jit ij wu:ld it we(:)r tu giv ægæin.

ro:məo:.] wu:ldst duw wiðdra: it? for hwæt 130

purpos, luv?

dʒiuliət.] but tu bi fræŋk. ænd giv it di ægæin.

ænd jit ij wiʃ but for de θiŋ ij hæ:v:

mij buwnti iz æz buwndles æz de se;

mij luv æz di:p; de mo:r ij giv tu di;

de mo:r ij hæ:v, for bo:θ ær infinit.

135

\*

\*

<sup>1</sup> Or væriæb(.l.)

<sup>2</sup> sud.n.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

IF I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,  
 My dreames preface some ioyfull news at hand:  
 My bosomes Lord<sup>1</sup> sits lightly in his throne:  
 And all this day an vnaccustom'd<sup>2</sup> spirit,  
<sup>5</sup> Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.  
 I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,  
 (Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,)  
 And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,  
 That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.  
<sup>10</sup> Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe possest,  
 When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

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## FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

*Bru.* ROMANS, Countrey-men, and Louers, heare  
 mee for my cause, and be silent, that you may heare.  
<sup>15</sup> Beleeue me for mine Honor, and haue respect to  
 mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Censure me  
 in your Wifedom, and awake your Senses, that you  
 may the better Iudge. If there bee any in this  
 Assembly, any deere Friend of *Cæsars*, to him I  
<sup>20</sup> say, that *Brutus* loue to *Cæsar*, was no lesse then  
 his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus*  
 rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I  
 lou'd *Cæsar* lesse, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had  
 you rather *Cæsar* were liuing, and dye all Slaues;

<sup>1</sup> L.      <sup>2</sup> thisan day an vccustom'd.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

if ij mæi trust ðe flæt(e)riŋ triuθ ov sli:p,  
 mij dre:mz presæ:dʒ sum dʒoiful niuz æt hænd:  
 mij bu:zomz lord sits lijtli in hiz θro:n;  
 ænd a:l dis dæi æn unækustomd spirit  
 lifts mi æbu:v ðe gruwnd wið tʃe:rful θouts. 5  
 ij dremt mij læ:di kær:m ænd fuwnd mi ded—  
 strændʒ dre:m, ðæt givz æ ded mæn le:v tu θiŋk!—  
 ænd bre:dd sutʃ li:f wið kisez in mij lips,  
 ðæt ij revijvd, ænd wæz æn emperor.  
 æh mi: ! huw swi:t iz luv itself pozest, 10  
 hwen but luvz ʃædouz ær so ritʃ in dʒoi !

## FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

briutus.] ro:mænz, kuntrimen, ænd luvæz ! he:r  
 mi for mij kærz, ænd bi: sijlent, ðæt iu mæi he:r:  
 bili:v mi for mijn onor, ænd hæ:v respekt tu 15  
 mijn onor, ðæt iu mæi bili:v: sensiur mi in iur  
 wizdum, ænd æwæ:k iur sensez, ðæt iu mæi  
 ðe beter dʒudʒ. if ðer bi: æni in dis æsembli,  
 æni ðe:r frend ov se:zærz, tu him ij sæi, ðæt  
 briutus luv tu se:zær wæz no les ðen hiz.<sup>1</sup> if 20  
 ðen ðæt frend demænd hwij briutus ro:z ægæinst  
 se:zær, dis iz mij ænswer:—not ðæt ij luvd se:  
 zær les, but ðæt ij luvd ru:m mo:r. hæd iu  
 ræder se:zær we(:)r liviŋ ænd di:j a:l skæ:vz,

<sup>1</sup> Or his.

25 then that *Cæsar* were dead, to liue all Free-men?  
 As *Cæsar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he  
 was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant,  
 I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I flew  
 him. There is Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for  
 30 his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death,  
 for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would  
 be a Bondman? If any, speake, for him haue I offended.  
 Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman?  
 35 If any, speake, for him haue I offended. Who is heere  
 so vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any,  
 speake, for him haue I offended. I pause for a Reply.

. . . . .  
*An.* Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me  
 your ears:

I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him:  
 80 The euill that men do, liues after them,  
 The good is oft enterred with their bones,  
 So let it be with *Cæsar*. The Noble *Brutus*,  
 Hath told you *Cæsar* was Ambitious:  
 If it were so, it was a greeuous Fault,  
 85 And greeuouly hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.  
 Heere, vnder leaue of *Brutus*, and the rest  
 (For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,  
 So are they all; all Honourable men)  
 Come I to speake in *Cæsars* Funerall.  
 90 He was my Friend, faithfull, and iust to me;  
 But *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious,  
 And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.  
 He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,  
 Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:  
 95 Did this in *Cæsar* seeme Ambitious?  
 When that the poore haue cry'de, *Cæsar* hath wept:

den dæt se:zær we(:)r ded. tu liv a:l fri; men? æz se:-<sup>25</sup>  
 zær luvd mi; ij wi:p for him; æz hi wæz fortiunæt; ij  
 redgois æt it; æz hi wæz vælænt, ij onor him;  
 but, æz hi wæz æmbisiūs, ij sliu him. ðer iz te:rz  
 for hiz luv; dgoi for hiz fortiun; onor for hiz  
 vælor; ænd de(:)θ for hiz æmbisiōn. hwu: iz he:r<sup>30</sup>  
 so bæ:s dæt wuld bi æ bondmæn? if æni, spe:k;  
 for him hæv ij ofended. hwu: iz he:r so riud dæt  
 wuld not bi æ ro:mæn? if æni, spe:k; for him  
 hæv ij ofended. hwu: iz he:r so vijl dæt wil not<sup>35</sup>  
 luv hiz kuntri? if æni, spe:k; for him hæv ij ofend-  
 ed. ij pa:z for æ replij.

. . . . .  
 æntoni.] frendz, ro:mænz, kuntrimen, lend mi  
 iur e:rz;

ij kum tu beri se:zær, not tu præiz him.  
 de i:vil dæt men dur livz æfter dem; 30  
 de gud iz oft intered wid ðæir bo:nz;  
 so let it bi; wi se:zær. de no:b,l briutus  
 hæθ tould iu se:zær wæz æmbisi-us;  
 if it we:r so; it wæz æ gri:vus fa:lt,  
 ænd gri:vusli hæθ se:zær ænswerd it. 35  
 he:r, under le:v ov briutus ænd de rest—  
 for briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn;  
 so ær ðæi a:l, a:l onoræb,l men—  
 kum ij tu spe:k in se:zærz fiuneræl.  
 hi wæz mij frend, fæiθful ænd dɔ:st tu mi:: 40  
 but briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;  
 ænd briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn.  
 hi hæθ brout mæni kæptivz ho:m tu rum,  
 hwuz rænsomz did de dzen(e)ræl koferz fil:  
 did ðis in se:zær sim æmbisi-us? 45  
 hwen dæt de pur hæv krijd, se:zær hæθ wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,  
 Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:  
 And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

100 You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,  
 I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,  
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?  
 Yet Brutus sayes, he was Ambitious:  
 And sure he is an Honourable man.

105 I speake not to disprooue what *Brutus* spoke,  
 But heere I am, to speake what I do know;  
 You all did loue him once, not without cause,  
 What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him?  
 O Iudgement! thou art<sup>1</sup> fled to brutish Beasts,  
 110 And Men haue lost their Reason. Beare with me,  
 My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæsar*,  
 And I must pawse, till it come backe to me.

. . . . .  
 But yesterday, the word of *Cæsar* might  
 Haue stood against the World: Now lies he there,

125 And none so poore to do him reuerence.  
 O Maisters! If I were dispos'd to stirre  
 Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,  
 I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:  
 Who (you all know) are Honourable men.

130 I will not do them wrong: I rather choose  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,  
 Then I will wrong such Honourable men.  
 But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Cæsar*,  
 I found it in his Closset, 'tis his Will:

135 Let but the Commons heare this Testament:  
 Which (pardon me)<sup>2</sup> I do not meane to reade,

<sup>1</sup> are.      <sup>2</sup> (Which pardon me).

æmbisiōn fu:ld bi mæ:d ov sterner stuf:  
 jit briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;  
 ænd briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn.  
 iu a:l did si: dæt on de liuperkæl 100  
 ij θrijs prezented him æ kingly kruwn,  
 hwitf hi did θrijs refiuz: wæz dis æmbisiōn?  
 jit briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;  
 ænd, siur, hi iz æn onoræb,l mæn.  
 ij spe:k not tu dispru:v hwæt briutus spo:k, 105  
 but he:r ij æm tu spe:k hwæt ij du kno:.  
 iu a:l did luv him o:ns, not widuwt ka:z:  
 hwæt ka:z wiðhouldz iu den, tu murn for him?  
 o: dʒudʒment! duw ært fled tu briutif be:sts,  
 ænd men hæv lost dæir rez:n. be:r wid mi:; 110  
 mij hært iz in de kofin de:r wid se:zær,  
 ænd ij must pa:z til it kum bæk tu mi:.  
 . . . . .  
 but jesterdæi de word ov se:zær mijt  
 hæv stu(:)d ægæinst de world: nuw lijz hi de:r,  
 ænd no:n so pur tu du: him reverens. 125  
 o: mæsterz, if ij we(:)r dispo:zd tu stur  
 iur hærts ænd mijndz tu miutini ænd ræ:dʒ,  
 ij fu:ld du: briutus wroʒ, ænd kæsūs wroʒ,  
 hwu:, iu a:l kno:, ær onoræb,l mæn.  
 ij wil not du: dem wroʒ; ij ræder tʃu:z 130  
 tu wroʒ de ded, tu wroʒ mijselʃ ænd iu,  
 den ij wil wroʒ sutf onoræb,l mæn.  
 but he:rz æ pærtʃment wid de se:l ov se:zær;  
 ij fuwnd it in hiz klozet, tiz hiz wil:  
 let but de komonz he:r dis testament— 135  
 hwitf, pærdon mi:, ij du not me:n tu re:d—

And they would go and kisse dead *Cæsars* wounds,  
 And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;  
 Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,  
 140 And dying, mention it within their Willes,  
 Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie  
 Vnto their issue.

. . . . .  
 145 Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.  
 It is not meete you know how *Cæsar* lou'd you:  
 You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:  
 And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,  
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad;  
 150 'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,  
 For if you should, O what would come of it?

. . . . .  
 Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?  
 155 I haue o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it,  
 I feare I wrong the Honourable men,  
 Whose Daggers haue stabb'd *Cæsar*: I do feare it.

. . . . .  
 You will compell me then to read the Will:  
 Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Cæsar*,  
 And let me shew you him that made the Will:  
 Shall I descend? And will you giue me leaue?

. . . . .  
 If you haue teares, prepare to shed them now.  
 You all do know this Mantle, I remember  
 175 The first time euer *Cæsar* put it on,  
 'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,  
 That day he ouercame the *Nervi*.  
 Looke, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:  
 See what a rent the enuious *Caska* made:  
 180 Through this, the wel-beloued *Brutus* stabb'd,

ænd ðæi wu:ld go: ænd kis ded se:zærz wuwndz  
 ænd dip ðæir næpkinz in hiz sæ:kred blod,  
 je:, beg æ hæir ov him for memori,  
 ænd, dijiŋ, mensiōn it widin ðæir wilz, 140  
 bikwe:diŋ it æz æ ritf legæsi  
 untu ðæir isiu.

. . . . .  
 hæiv pæ:siens, dʒent,l frendz, ij must not re:d it; 145  
 it iz not mirt iu kno: huw se:zær luvd iu.  
 iu ær not wud, iu ær not sto:nz, but men;  
 ænd bi:ij men, he:riŋ de wil ov se:zær,  
 it wil inflæ:m iu, it wil mæ:k iu mæd:  
 tiz gud iu kno: not ðæt iu ær hiz hæirz; 150  
 for if iu fu:ld, o:, hwæt wu:ld kum ov it!

. . . . .  
 wil iu bi pæ:sient? wil iu stæi æhwijl?  
 ij hæv o:rfo: mijsel: tu tel iu ov it: 155  
 ij feir ij wroŋ de onoræb,l men  
 hwi:z dægerz hæv stæbd se:zær; ij du feir it.

. . . . .  
 iu wil kompel mi, den, tu re:d de wil?  
 den mæ:k æ riŋ æbuwt de korps ov se:zær,  
 ænd let mi fo: iu him ðæt mæ:d de wil.  
 ʃæl ij desend? ænd wil iu giv mi le:v?

. . . . .  
 if iu hæv te:rz, prepæ:r tu ʃed dem nuw.  
 iu a:l du kno: dis mænt,l, ij remember  
 de first tijm ever se:zær put it on 175  
 twæz on æ sumerz i:viŋ, in hiz tent,  
 ðæt ðæi hi overkæ:m de nervi-ij:  
 luk, in dis plæ:s ræn kæsŋs dæger θru:  
 si: hwæt æ rent de envŋs kæsæ mæ:d:  
 θru: dis de wel-biluvd briutus stæbd; 180

- And as he pluck'd his curled Steele away:  
 Marke how the blood of *Cæsar* followed it,  
 As rushing out of doores, to be resolu'd  
 If *Brutus* so vnkindely knock'd, or no:
- 185 For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsars* Angel.  
 Iudge, O you Gods, how deerely *Cæsar* lou'd him:  
 This was the most vnkindest cut of all.  
 For when the Noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,
- 190 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,  
 And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,  
 Euen at the Base of *Pompeyes* Statue  
 (Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæsar* fell.  
 O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
- 195 Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,  
 Whil't bloody Treason flourish'd ouer vs.  
 O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feelee  
 The dint of pitty: These are gracious droppes.  
 Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold
- 200 Our *Cæsars* Vesture wounded? Looke you heere,  
 Heere is Himselfe, marr'd as you see with Traitors.  
 . . . . .  
 Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre you vp
- 215 To such a sodaine Flood of Mutiny:  
 They that haue done this Deede, are honourable.  
 What priuate greefes they haue, alas I know not,  
 That made them do it: They are Wise, and Honourable,  
 And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.
- 220 I come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts,  
 I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;

ænd æz hi plukt hiz kursed sti:l æwæi,  
 mærk huw ðe blud ov se:zær foloud it,  
 æz rufiŋ uwt ov do:rz, tu bi rezolvd  
 if briutus so unkiŋdli knokt, or no:;  
 for briutus, æz iu kno:, wæz se:zærz ændʒ,l: 185  
 dʒudʒ, o: iu godʒ, huw de:rli se:zær luvd him!  
 ðis wæz ðe mo:st unkiŋdest kut ov a:l;  
 for hwen ðe no:b,l se:zær sa: him stæb,  
 ingrætitiud, mo:r stroŋ ðen træitorz ærmz,  
 kwijt væŋkwijt him: den burst hiz miŋti hært; 190  
 ænd, in hiz mænt,l muflin up hiz fæ:s,  
 i:vn æt ðe bæ:s ov pompæiz stætiue,<sup>1</sup>  
 hwitʃ a:l ðe hwijl ræn blud, gre:t se:zær fel.  
 o:, hwæt æ fa:l wæz de:r, miŋ kuntrimen!  
 ðen ij, ænd iu, ænd a:l ov us fel duwn, 195  
 hwijlst bludi tre:z,n flurist over us.  
 o:, nuw iu wi:p; ænd, ij perse:v, iu fi:l  
 ðe dint ov piti: de:z ær græ:sūs drops.  
 kiŋd soulz, hwæt, wi:p iu hwen iu but bihould  
 uwr se:zærz vestiur wuwnded? luk iu he:r, 200  
 he:r iz himself, mærd. æz iu si:, wid træitorz.  
 . . . . .  
 gud frendz, swi:t frendz, let mi not stur iu up  
 tu sutʃ æ sudæin flud ov miutini. 215  
 dæi dæt hæv dun ðis di:d ær onoræb,l:  
 hwæt pri:væt gri:fz dæi hæ:v, ækes, ij kno: not,  
 dæt mæ:d dem du:(i)t: dæi (æ)r wi:z ænd onoræb,l,  
 ænd wil, no duwt, wid re:z,nz ænswer iu.  
 ij kum not, frendz, tu ste:l æwæi iur hærts: 220  
 ij æm no orætor, æz briutus iz;

<sup>1</sup> Or staty:æ; "statue" being treated as a F. word.  
 Or else stætiue, i. e. "statua," the L. form.



but, æz iu kno: mi a:l, æ plæin blunt mæn,  
 dæt luv mij frend; ænd dæt dæi kno: ful wel  
 dæt gæ:v mi publik le:v tu spe:k ov him:  
 for ij hæv ne:der wit, nor wordz, nor wurð, 225  
 æksion, nor ut(e)ræns, nor de puwr ov spe:tf.  
 tu stur menz blod: ij o:nli spe:k rijt on;  
 ij tel iu dæt hwitf iu iurselvz da kno:;  
 fo: iu swit se:zærz wuwndz, pur pur dum  
 muwdz,  
 ænd bid dem spe:k for mi:: but we(:)r ij briutus, 230  
 ænd briutus æntoni, der we(:)r æn æntoni  
 wu:ld ruf,l up iur spir(i)ts ænd put æ tuj  
 in ev(e)ri wuwnd ov se:zæz dæt fu:ld mu:v  
 de sto:nz ov ru:m tu rijz ænd miutini.

## FROM MACBETH.

## ACT I. SCENE III.

[Thunder. enter de θri: witfez.]

first witf.] hwe:r hæst duw bi:n, sister?

sekond witf.] kilij swijn.

θird witf.] sister, hwe:r duw?

first witf.] æ sæilorz wijf hæd tfez(t)nuts in her kep  
 ænd muwntft, ænd muwntft, ænd muwntft:—"giv  
 mi:," kwoθ ij. 5

"æroint di:, witf!" de rump-fed runion krijz.

her huzbændz tu ælepo: go:n, mæster od tijger:

but in æ siv ijl dede sæil,

And like a Rat without a tayle,  
 10 Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.

2. Ile giue thee a Winde.

1. Th'art kinde.

3. And I another.

1. I my felfe haue all the other,  
 15 And the very Ports they blow,

All the Quarters that they know,  
 I'th' Ship-mans Card.

I will<sup>1</sup> dreyne him drie as Hay:  
 Sleepe fhall neyther Night nor Day

20 Hang vpon his Pent-houfe Lid:

He fhall liue a man forbid:

Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:

Though his Barke cannot be loft,

25 Yet it fhall be Tempest-toft.

Looke what I haue.

2. Shew me, fhew me.

1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,  
 Wrackt, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*

30 3. A Drumme, a Drumme:

*Macbeth* doth come.

*All.* The weyward Sifters, hand in hand,  
 Pofters of the Sea and Land.

Thus doe goe, about, about.

35 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice againe, to make vp nine.

Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Ile.

ænd, lijk æ ræt widuwt æ tæil,  
ijl du:, ijl du:, ænd ijl du:. 10

sekond witsf.] ijl giv di æ wijnd.

first witsf.] dært kijnd.

θird witsf.] ænd ij ænuder.

first witsf.] ij mijselƿ hæ:v a:l ðe uder,

ænd ðe veri ports ðæi blo:, 15

a:l ðe kwærterz ðæt ðæi kno:

ið ƿipmænz kærd.

ij wil dræin him drij æz hæi:

sli:p ƿæl ne:der niȝt nor ðæi

hæŋ upon hiz pent-huws lid; 20

hi ƿæl liv æ mæn forbid:

we:ri sevnijts niȝn tiȝmz niȝn

ƿæl hi dwindl, pe:k ænd piȝn:

ðou hiz bærk kænot bi lost,

ȝit it ƿæl bi tempest-tost. 25

lu:k hwæt ij hæ:v.

sekond witsf.] ƿo: mi:, ƿo: mi:.

first witsf.] he:r ij hæ:v æ piȝlots θum,

wrekt æz ho:mwærd hi did kum. [drum widin.

θird witsf.] æ drum, æ drum! 30

mækbeth duθ kum.

a:l.] ðe wæiwærd sisterz, hænd in hænd,

po:sterz ov ðe se: ænd lænd,

ðus du go: æbuwt, æbuwt:

θrijs tu diȝn ænd θrijs tu miȝn 35

ænd θrijs ægæin, tu mæ:k up niȝn.

pe:s! ðe tƿærmz wuwnd up.

\*

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## ACT I. SCENE VII.

mækbeθ.] if it we(:)r dun hwen tiz dun, den  
twe(:)r wel

it we(:)r dun kwikli: if dæ:sæsinæ:sion  
ku:ld træm,l up de konsekwens, ænd kætf  
wid hiz surse:s sukses; dæt but dis blo:  
mijt bi de bi:æl ænd de end-æl: he:r, 5  
but he:r, upon dis bæŋk ænd sku:l ov tijm,  
wi:ld dʒump de lijf tu kum. but in de:z kæ:sez  
wi stil hæv dʒudʒment he:r; dæt wi but tætf  
bludi instruksionz, hwitf, bi:ŋ tætf, return  
tu plæ:ʒ dinventor: dis i:v,n-hænded dʒustis 10  
komendz dingre:diens ov uwr poiz,nd tʃælis  
tu uwr oun lips. hiz he:r in dub,l trust;  
first, æz ij æm hiz kinzmæn ænd hiz subdʒekt,  
stroŋ bo:θ ægæinst de di:d; den, æz hiz horst,  
hwi: fʊ:ld ægæinst hiz murderer fʊt de do:r, 15  
not be:r de knijf mijsself. bisijdz, dis duŋkæn  
hæθ born hiz fækultiz so mi:k, hæθ bi(:)n  
so kle:r in hiz gre:t ofis, dæt hiz vertiuz  
wil ple:d lijk ændʒelz, trumpet-tuŋd, ægæinst  
de di:p dæmnæ:sion ov hiz tæ:kiŋ-of; 20  
ænd piti, lijk æ næ:ked niu-born bæ:b,  
strijiŋ de blæst, or he(:)v,nz tʃeriubin, horst  
upon de sijtles kurʃorz<sup>1</sup> ov de æir,  
fæl blo: de horid di:d in ev(e)ri ij,  
dæt te:rz fæl druwn de wijnd. ij hæ:v no spur 25  
tu prik de sijdz ov mij intent, but o:nli  
va:ltiŋ æmbisʃon, hwitf o:rle:ps itself  
ænd fa:lz on duder.—huw nuw! hwæt niuz?

<sup>1</sup> kurʃerz.

*La.* He has almost supt: why haue you left  
the chamber?

30 *Mac.* Hath he ask'd for me?

*La.* Know you not, he ha's?

*Mac.* We will proceed no further in this  
Bufineffe:

He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought  
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,  
35 Not cast aside so soone.

*La.* Was the hope drunke,  
Wherein you drest your selfe? Hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,  
At what it did so freely? From this time,  
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affear'd  
40 To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,  
As thou art in desire? Would'ft thou haue that  
Which thou esteem'ft the Ornament of Life,  
And liue a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?  
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,  
45 Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage.

*Macb.* Prythee peace:  
I dare do all that may become a man,  
Who dares do<sup>1</sup> more, is none.

\* \* \*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,  
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me  
clutch thee:  
35 I haue thee not, and yet I see thee still.

<sup>1</sup> no.

læ:di.] hi hæz<sup>1</sup> a:lmo:st supt: hwij hæv iu left  
de tʃæmber?

mækbeθ]. hæθ hi æskt for mi: ? 30

læ:di.] kno: iu not hi hæz?

mækbeθ.] wi wil prosɪ:d no furder in ðis biznes:

hi hæθ<sup>2</sup> onord mi: ov læ:t, ænd ij hæv bout  
gould,n opinɪonz from a:l sorts ov pi:p,l,  
hwitʃ wu:ld bi worn nuw in ðæir niuest glos,  
not kæst æsɪd so su:n. 35

læ:di.] wæz de ho:p drʊŋk  
hwe:rɪn iu drest iurself? hæθ it slept sins?

ænd wæ:ks it nuw, tu lʊ:k so grɪ:n ænd pæ:l

æt hwæt it did so fri:li? from ðis tɪjm

sutʃ ij ækuwnt diʃ lʊv. ært duw æfe:rd

tu bi de sæ:m in dijn oun ækt ænd vælor 40

æz duw ært in dezi:r? wu:ldst duw hæ:v dæt

hwitʃ duw esti:mst de ornæment ov li:f,

ænd liv æ kuwærd in dijn oun esti:m,

letɪŋ "ij ðæ:r not" wæit upon "ij wu:ld,"

li:k de pu:r kæt id ædæ(:)dʒ? 45

mækbeθ.] prɪdi:, pe:s:

ij ðæ:r du: a:l dæt mæi bikum æ mæn:

hwu: ðæ:rɪz du: mo:r iz no:n.

\* \* \*

## ACT II. SCENE 1.

iz dis æ dæger hwitʃ ij si: bɪfo:r mi:,  
de hænd,l to:rd miʃ hænd? kum, let mi klutʃ di:.

ij hæ:v di: not, ænd jɪt ij si: di: stil. 35

<sup>1</sup> hi:z.      <sup>2</sup> hi:θ.

Art thou not fatall Vifion, fenfible  
 To feeling, as to light? or art thou but  
 A Dagger of the Minde, a falfe Creation,  
 Proceeding from the heat-oppreffed Braine?  
 40 I fee thee yet, in forme as palpable,  
 As this which now I draw.  
 Thou marfhall'ft me the way that I was going,  
 And fuch an Inftrument I was to ufe.  
 Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Sences<sup>7</sup>  
 45 Or elfe worth all the reft: I fee thee ftill;  
 And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,  
 Which was not fo before. There's no fuch thing:  
 It is the bloody Bufineffe, which informes  
 Thus to mine Eyes . . . . .

\*                      \*

ACT V. SCENE III.

*Macb.* . . . . .

How do's your Patient, Doctor?

*Doct.*                      Not fo ficke my Lord,  
 As ſhe is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies  
 That keepe her from her reft.

*Macb.*                      Cure her of<sup>1</sup> that:  
 40 Can'ft thou not Miniſter to a minde difeas'd,  
 Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,  
 Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,  
 And with ſome ſweet Obliuious Antidote  
 Cleanſe the ſtuft boſome, of that perillous ſtuffe  
 45 Which weighes vpon the heart?

---

<sup>1</sup> Cure of.

ært duw not, fæ:tæl vizion, sensib,l  
 tu fi:lij æz tu sijt? or ært duw but  
 æ dæger ov de mijnd, æ fa:ls kreæ:sion,  
 prosi:diŋ from de he:t-opresed bræin?  
 ij si: di: jit, in form æz pælpæb,l 40  
 æz dis hwitf nuw ij dra:.  
 duw mærfælst mi de wæi dæt ij wæz go:ij;  
 ænd sutf æn instruiment ij wæz tu iuz.  
 mijn ijz ær mæ:d de fu:lz o duder sensez,  
 or els wurð a:l de rest; ij si: di: stil, 45  
 ænd on di: blæ:d ænd dudzon quwts ov blud,  
 hwitf wæz not so: bifo:r. derz no: sutf ði:ŋ:  
 it iz de bludi biznes hwitf informz  
 ðus tu mijn ijz . . . . .

\*            \*

# ACT V. SCENE III.

mækbeð.] . . . . .  
 huw duz iur pæ:sient, doktor?  
 doktor.]                      not so sik, mij lord,  
 æz fi iz trub,ld wið ðik-kumiŋ fænsiz,  
 dæt ki:p her from her rest.  
 mækbeð.]                      kiur her ov dæt.  
 kænst duw not min(i)ster tu æ mijnd dize:zd, 40  
 pluk from de memori æ ruted soroz,  
 ræ:z uwt de writ,n trub,lz ov de bræin  
 ænd wið sum swi:t oblivius æntido:t  
 klens de stuft bu(:)zom ov dæt per(i)lus stuf  
 hwitf wæiz upon de hært? 45

## FROM HAMLET.

## ACT I. SCENE II.

OH that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,  
 130 Thaw, and resolute it selfe into a Dew: .  
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixt  
 His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!  
 How weary, itale, flat, and vnprofitable  
 Seemes to me all the vses of this world?  
 135 Fie on't! Oh fie,<sup>1</sup> 'tis an vnweeded Garden  
 That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in  
 Nature  
 Possesse it meere. That it should come to this:  
 But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,  
 So excellent a King, that was to this  
 140 *Hiperion* to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother,  
 That he might not beteeame<sup>2</sup> the windes of heauen  
 Visitt her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth!<sup>3</sup>  
 Must I remember: why she would hang on him,  
 As if encrease of Appetite had growne  
 145 By what it fed on; and yet within a month?  
 Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.  
 A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,  
 With which she followed my poore Fathers body  
 Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, euen she,  
 150 (O Heauen! A beast that wants discourse of Reason  
 Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine  
 Vnkle,  
 My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,  
 Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?

<sup>1</sup> Fie on't? Oh fie, fie *F*, Fie on't, ah fie, *Q*<sub>2</sub>.    <sup>2</sup> be-  
 teene *F*, beteeame *Q*<sub>2</sub>.    <sup>3</sup> *No stop Q*<sub>2</sub>*F*.

## FROM HAMLET.

## ACT I. SCENE II.

o:, dæt dis tu: tu: solid fleš wu:ld melt,  
 θa: ænd rezolv itself intu æ deu! 130  
 or dæt de everlæstij hæd not fikst  
 hiz kænnon gæinst self-sla:ter! o god! o god!  
 huw we:ri, stæ:l, flæt ænd unprofitæb,l  
 si:mz tu mi a:l de iusez ov dis world!  
 fij ont! o: fij! tiz æn unwi:ded gærd,n 135  
 dæt grouz tu si:d; θi:nz rænk ænd gro:s in  
 næ:tiur

pozes it mi:rli. dæt it fu:ld kum tu dis!  
 but tu: munθs ded: næi, not so mutf, not tu::  
 so ekselent æ ki:n; dæt wæz, tu dis,  
 hijpe:rion tu æ sæ:tir; so luvij tu mij muder 140  
 dæt hi mijt not bitim de wijndz ov he(:)vn  
 vizit her fæ:s tu rufli. he(:)vn ænd e(:)rθ!  
 must ij remember? hwij, fi wu:ld hænj on him,  
 æz if inkre:s ov æpetijt hæd groun  
 bij hwæt it fed on: ænd jit, widin æ munθ— 145  
 let mi not θi:nk ont—fræilti, dij næ:m iz wumæn!—  
 æ lit,l munθ, or e:r do:z fu:z wer ould  
 wid hwitf fi foloud mij pu:r fæderz bodi,  
 lijk nijober, a:l te:rz:—hwij fi:, i:vn fi:—  
 o: he(:)vn! æ be:st, dæt wænts disku:rs ov re:z,n, 150  
 wu:ld hæv murnd lonjer—mærid wid mijn un:k,l,

mij fæderz bruder, but no mo:r lijk mij fæder  
 den ij tu herkiule:z: widin æ munθ:

Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares  
 155 Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,  
 She married. . . . .

\*                      \*

ACT I. SCENE III.

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,  
 60 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:  
 Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:  
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,  
 Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:  
 But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment  
 65 Of each new hatch't,<sup>1</sup> vnstedg'd Comrade. Beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in  
 Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.  
 Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:  
 Take each mans censure; but reserve thy iudgement:  
 70 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;  
 But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie:  
 For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.  
 And they in France of the best ranck and station,  
 Are most<sup>2</sup> select and generous chief<sup>3</sup> in that.  
 75 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;  
 For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:  
 And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.  
 This aboue all; to thine owne selfe be true:  
 And it must follow, as the Night the Day,  
 80 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

\*                      \*

<sup>1</sup> vn hatch't *F*, new hatcht *Q*<sub>2</sub>.    <sup>2</sup> Are of a most.    <sup>3</sup> cheff.

e:r jit de sa:lt ov mo:st unrihtius te:r:z  
 hæd left de flufiŋ ov her ga:led i:z, 155  
 ſi mærid. . . . .

\*                      \*

## ACT I. SCENE III.

giv di: ſouts no: tu:ŋ,  
 nor æni unproporſi:ond ſout hi: ækt. 60  
 bi: duw fæmiliaer, but bi: no: me:nz vulgær.  
 de frendz duw hæst, ænd dæir ædopsi:on trijd,  
 græp, l dem tu di: ſoul wi:d hu:ps ov sti:l;  
 but du: not dul di: pa:m wi:d entertæinment  
 ov e:tſ niu-hætſt, unfledz:d komræ:d. biwæ:r 65  
 ov entræns tu æ kwærel, but bi:(i)ŋ in,  
 be:rt dæt doped:zed mæi biwæ:r ov di:.  
 giv ev(e)ri mæn di:ŋ e:r, but feu di: vois;  
 tæ:k e:tſ mæn:z sensiur, but rezerv di: dʒudʒment.  
 kostli di: hæbit æz di: purs kæn bi:, 70  
 but not eksprest in fænsi; ritiſ, not ga:di;  
 for de æpærel oft proklæimz de mæn,  
 ænd dæi in fræns ov de best ræŋk ænd stæ:si:on  
 ær mo:st selekt ænd dʒen(e)rus, tʃi:f in dæt.  
 ne:der æ borðer, nor æ lender bi:; 75  
 for lo:n oft lu:zez bo:θ itsel:f ænd frend,  
 ænd borði:ŋ dulz de edʒ ov huzbændri.  
 di: æbuv a:l: tu di:ŋ oun sel:f bi: triu,  
 ænd it must folo:, æz de ni:jt de dæi,  
 duw kænst not den bi: fa:ls tu æni mæn. 80

\*                      \*

## ACT III. SCENE 1.

To be, or not to be, that is the Question:  
 Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer  
 The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,  
 Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,  
 60 And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe,  
 No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end  
 The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall fhockes  
 That Flefh is heyre too? 'Tis a confummation  
 Deuoutly to be wilh'd. To dye, to sleepe,  
 65 To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,  
 For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,  
 When we haue fhuffel'd<sup>1</sup> off this mortall coile,  
 Muft giue vs pawfe. There's the refpect  
 That makes Calamity of fo long life:  
 70 For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,  
 The Oppreffors wrong, the proude<sup>2</sup> mans Contumely,  
 The pangs of difpriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,  
 The infolence of Office, and the Spurnes  
 That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,  
 75 When he himfelfe might his *Quietus* make  
 With a bare Bodkin? Who would thefe Fardles  
 beare  
 To grunt and fweat vnder a weary life,  
 But that the dread of fomething after death,  
 The vndifcouered Countrey, from whole Borne  
 80 No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,  
 And makes vs rather beare thofe illes we haue,  
 Then flye to others that we know not of.  
 Thus Confcience does make Cowards of vs all,  
 And thus the Natiue hew of Refolution

<sup>1</sup> fhuffel'd.<sup>2</sup> poore *F*, proude *Q*<sub>2</sub>.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

tu bi:, or nót tu bi:: dæt iz ðe kwéstion:  
 hweder tiz nobler in ðe mijnd tu súfer  
 ðe slíjz ænd ærouz ov uwtræ:dǵius fortian,  
 or tu tæk ærmz ægæinst æ se: ov trúb,lz,  
 ænd bij opo:ziȝ end ðem. tu dij: tu slí:p; 60  
 no mo:r; ænd bij æ slí:p tu sæi wi end  
 ðe hært-æ:k ænd ðe ðúwzænd nætiuræl foks  
 dæt fleš iz hæir tu:, tiz æ konsumæ:sion  
 devuwtli tu bi wíft. tu dij, tu slí:p;  
 tu slí:p: pertfæns tu dre:m: ij, ðe:rz de rúb; 65  
 for in dæt slí:p ov de(:)θ hwæt dre:mz mæi kum  
 hwen wi hæv suf,ld of ðis mortæl koil,  
 must giv us pa:z:/ðe(:)rz de respekt  
 dæt mæ:ks kækæmiti ov so loȝ líjf;  
 for hwu: wu:ld be:r de hwíps ænd skornz ov tíjm, 70  
 dopresorz wroȝ, ðe pruwð mænz kontium(e)li,  
 ðe pæȝz ov disprijzd luv, ðe la:z ðekæi,  
 ðe insolens ov ofis ænd ðe spurnz  
 dæt pæ:síent merit ov d(e) unwurði tæ:ks,  
 hwen hi himself mǵt hiz kwíjertus mæ:k 75  
 wíð æ bæ:r bodkin? hwu: wu:ld ðe:z færd,lz be:r,

tu grunt ænd swe(:)t under æ we:ri líjf,  
 but dæt ðe dre(:)d ov sumθiȝ æfter ðe(:)θ,  
 ðe undiskuverd kuntri from hwu:z born  
 no træveler returnz, puz,lz ðe wíl 80  
 ænd mæ:ks us ræder be:r do:z ilz wi hæ:v  
 ðen flíj tu uderz dæt wi kno: not ov?  
 ðus konsíens ðuz mæ:k kuwærdz ov us a:l;  
 ænd ðus ðe næ:tíiv híu ov rezolú:sion

85 Is ficklied o're, with the pale caft of Thought,  
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard their Currants turne away,  
 And loofe the name of Action. . . . .

\*                      \*

### ACT III. SCENE II.

*Ham.* SPEAKE the Speech I pray you, as I  
 pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue:  
 But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do,  
 I had as liue the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines:  
 5 Nor do not faw the Ayre too much with<sup>1</sup> your  
 hand thus, but vse all gently: for in the verie  
 Torrent, Tempeft, and (as I may fay) the Whirle-  
 winde of Paffion, you muft acquire and beget a  
 Temperance that may giue it Smoothneffe. O it  
 10 offends mee to the Soule, to fee a robuftious Pery-  
 wig-pated Fellow, teare a Paffion to tatters, to verie  
 ragges, to fplit the eares of the Groundlings: who  
 (for the moft part) are capeable of nothing, but  
 inexplicable dumbe fhewes, and noife: I could haue  
 15 fuch a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it  
 out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you auoid it.

*Player.* I warrant your Honor.

*Ham.* Be not too tame neyther: but let your  
 owne Difcretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action  
 20 to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this  
 fpeciall obferuance: That you ore-ftop<sup>2</sup> not the  
 modeftie of Nature; for any thing fo ouer-done,  
 is from the purpose of Playing, whose end both at

<sup>1</sup> with *om. F*, with *Qq*.    <sup>2</sup> ore-ftop *F*, ore-fteppe *Q2*.

iz siklid o:r wið ðe pæ:l kæst ov θout, 85  
 ænd enterprijez ov gre:t piθ ænd mo:ment  
 wið ðis regærd ðæir kurænts turn æwæi,  
 ænd lu:z de næ:m ov æksion. . . . .

\*                      \*

### ACT III. SCENE II.

hæmlet.] spe:k ðe spi:tʃ, ij præi iu, æz ij  
 pronuwnst it tu iu, tripiŋli on ðe tuŋ: but if  
 iu muwð it, æz mæni ov iur plæierz du:, ij hæd  
 æz liv ðe tuwn-krijer hæd spo:k mij lijnz. nor  
 du: not sa: ðe æir tu: mutʃ wið iur hænd, dus, <sup>5</sup>  
 but iuz a:l dʒentli; for in ðe veri torent, tem-  
 pest, ænd æz ij mæi sæi, ðe hwirl-wijnd ov  
 pæsion, iu must ækwijr ænd biget æ temperæns  
 ðæt mæi giv it smu:ðnes. o:, it ofendz mi tu  
 ðe soul tu si: æ robustiʊs periwig-pæ:ted felo: <sup>10</sup>  
 te:r æ pæsion tu tæterz, tu veri rægz, tu split  
 ðe e:rz ov ðe gruwndliŋz, hwu: for ðe mo:st  
 pært ær kæ:pæb,l ov nuθiŋ but ineksplikæb,l dum-  
 fouz ænd noiz: ij ku:ld hæ:v sutʃ æ felo: hwipt  
 for o:rdu:ŋ termægænt; it uwt-herodz herod: præi  
 iu, ævoid it.

plæier.] ij wærænt iur onor.

hæmlet.] bi: not tu: tæ:m ne:ðer, but let iur  
 oun diskresion bi: iur tiutor: siut ðe æksion <sup>20</sup>  
 tu ðe word, ðe word tu ðe æksion; wið ðis  
 spe:šæl observæns, ðæt iu o:rstep not ðe mo-  
 desti ov næ:tiur: for æni θiŋ so: overdun iz  
 from ðe purpo:s ov plæiŋ, hwu:z end, bo:θ æt

the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the  
 25 Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne  
 Feature. Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age  
 and Bodie of the Time, his forme and pressure. Now,  
 this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make  
 the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious  
 30 greeue; The censure of the which One, must in your  
 allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh,  
 there bee Players that I haue seene Play, and heard  
 others praife, and that highly (not to speake it  
 prophanely) that neyther hauing the accent of  
 35 Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man,<sup>1</sup>  
 haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought  
 some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and  
 not made them well, they imitated Humanity so  
 abhominably.

40 *Play.* I hope we haue reform'd that indiffe-  
 rently with vs, Sir.

*Ham.* O reforme it altogether. And let those  
 that play your Clownes, speake no more then is  
 set downe for them. For there be of them, that  
 45 will themselues laugh, to set on some quantity of  
 barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane  
 time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to  
 be considered: that's Villanous, and shewes a most  
 pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vses it. Go  
 50 make you readie.

\*

\*

\*

<sup>1</sup> or Norman *F*, nor man *Q*<sub>2</sub>.

de first ænd nuw, wæz ænd iz, tu hold, æz twe(:)r,  
 de miror up tu næ:tiur; tu fo: vertiu her oun<sup>25</sup>  
 fe:tiur, skorn her oun imædʒ, ænd de veri æ:dʒ  
 ænd bodi ov de tijm hiz form ænd presiur. nuw  
 dis overdun, or kum tærði of, dou it mæk de  
 unskilful læf, kænnot but mæk de dʒiudisiʊs gri:v;  
 de sensiur ov de hwitʃ o:n must in iur æluwæns<sup>30</sup>  
 o:rwæi æ ho:l θe:æter ov uderz. o:, der bi  
 plæierz dæt ij hæv si:n plæi, ænd hærð uderz  
 præiz, ænd dæt hijli, not tu spe:k it profæ:nli,  
 dæt, ne:ðer hæ:viŋ de æksent ov kristiænz nor  
 de gæt ov kristiæn, pæ:igæn, nor mæn, hæv so:<sup>35</sup>  
 struted ænd beloud dæt ij hæv θout sum ov  
 næ:tiurz dʒurnimen hæd mæ:d men ænd not  
 mæ:d dem wel, dæi imitæ:ted hiu:mænitɪ so:  
 æbominæbli.

plæier.] ij ho:p wi hæv reformd dæt indife-<sup>40</sup>  
 rentli wid us, sir.

hæmlet.] o:, reform it ailtugeder. ænd let  
 do:z dæt plæi iur kluwnz spe:k no: mo:r den iz  
 set duwn for dem; for der bi: ov dem dæt wil  
 demselvz læf, tu set on sum kwæntiti ov bæren<sup>45</sup>  
 spektæ:torz tu læf tu:; dou in de me:n tijm,  
 sum nesesæri kwestɪon ov de plæi bi: den tu bi  
 konsiderd: dæts vikænus, ænd fouz æ mo:st  
 pitiful æmbisiʊn in de fu:l dæt iuzez it. go:,  
 mæk iu re(:)di.

\*

\*

\*

## ACT IV. SCENE V.

How should I your true loue know  
From another one?

25 By his Cockle hat and staffe,  
And his Sandal shoone.<sup>1</sup>

He is dead and gone Lady,  
30 He is dead and gone,  
At his head a grasse-greene Turfe,  
At his heeles a stone.<sup>2</sup>

35 White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow,  
Larded with sweet flowers:  
Which bewept to the graue did go,<sup>3</sup>  
With true-loue shewres.

## FROM KING LEAR.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

BLOW windes, and crack your cheeks; Rage, blow  
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,  
Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown'd<sup>4</sup> the  
Cockes.

You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,  
5 Vaunt-curriers of Oake-cleauing Thunder-bolts,  
Sindge my white head. And thou all fhaking Thunder,  
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'world,  
Cracke Natures moulds, all germanes spill at once  
That makes ingratefull Man.

. . . . .

<sup>1</sup> *Ll. 23 to 26 two lines.*    <sup>2</sup> *Ll. 29 to 32 two lines.*

<sup>3</sup> did not go *QqF*.

<sup>4</sup> drown *F*, drown'd *Q*.

## ACT IV. SCENE V.

huw fu:ld ij iur triu-luv kno:  
 from ænuder o:n?  
 bij hiz kok,l hæ:t ænd stæf, 25  
 ænd hiz sændæl fu:n.  
  
 hi iz ded ænd go:n, læ:di,  
 hi iz ded ænd go:n; 30  
 æt hiz hed æ græs-grin turf,  
 æt hiz hi:lz æ sto:n.  
  
 hwijt hiz fruwd æz de muwntæin sno:, 35  
 lærded wid swit fluwrz;  
 hwitf biwept tu d(e) græ:v did go:  
 wid triu-luv fuwrz.

## FROM KING LEAR.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

blo:, wijndz, ænd kræk iur tʃi:ks! ræ:dʒ! blo:!  
 iu kætærækts ænd hurikæ:no:z. spuwt  
 til iu hæv drentʃt uwr sti:p,lz. druwnd de koks!

iu sulfrus ænd θout-eksekiutiŋ fijrz.  
 va:nt-kurʃorz ov o:k-kle:viŋ θunder-boults. 5  
 sindʒ mij hwijt hed! ænd duw, a:l-fæ:kiŋ θunder,  
 strijk flæt de θik rotunditi o:d world!  
 kræk næ:tiurz mouldz, a:l dʒermæinz spil æt o:ns,  
 dæt mæ:ks ingræ:tful mæn.

. . . . .

Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spowt Raine:  
 15 Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;  
 I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindnesse.  
 I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;  
 You owe me no subscription. Then let fall  
 Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slaue,  
 20 A poore, infirme, weake, and dispis'd old man:  
 But yet I call you Seruile Ministers,  
 That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne  
 Your high-engender'd Battailles, 'gainst a head  
 So old, and white as this. . . . .

\*            \*

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

How fearefull

And dizie 'tis, to cast ones eyes so low,  
 The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre  
 Shew scarfe so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe  
 15 Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:  
 Me thinks he seemes no bigger then his head.  
 The Fishermen, that walke<sup>1</sup> vpon the beach  
 Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,  
 Diminish'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy  
 20 Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge,  
 That on th'vnnubred idle Peble chafes  
 Cannot be heard so high. Ile looke no more,  
 Least my braine turne, and the deficient light  
 Topple downe headlong.

\*            \*

<sup>1</sup> walk'd *F*, walke *Q*.

rumb,l dij beliful! spit, fijr! spuwt, ræin!  
 nor ræin, wijnd, thunder, fijr, ær mij dæ:terz: 15  
 ij tæks not iu, iu el(e)ments, wid unkiyndnes;  
 ij never gæ:v iu kiŋdum, ka:ld iu tŋldren,  
 iu o: mi no: subskripsion: den let fa:l  
 iur hor(i)bl ple(:)ziur; he:r ij stænd, iur slæ:v,  
 æ pur, infirm, we:k, ænd dispijzd ould mæn: 20  
 but jit ij ka:l iu servil ministerz,  
 dæt wil wid tur pernisius dæ:terz dgoiŋ  
 iur hij indgenderd bæ:t,lz gæ:inst æ hed  
 so ould ænd hwijt æz dis.

\*                      \*

#### ACT IV. SCENE VI.

huw fe:rful

ænd dizi tiz, tu kæst o:nz iŋz so lo:!  
 de krouz ænd tŋufs dæt wij de midwæi æir  
 fo: skærs so gro:s æz bi:t,lz: ha:f wæi duwn  
 hæŋz o:n dæt gæderz sæmpijr, dre(:)dful træ:d! 15  
 mi thiŋks hi si:mz no biger den hiz hed:  
 de fiŋermen, dæt wa:k upon de be:tŋ,  
 æpe:r lijk mijs; ænd jond ta:l æŋk(o)riŋ bærk,  
 diminift tu her kok; her kok, æ bwoi  
 a:lmo:st tu: sma:l for siŋt: de murm(u)riŋ surdz, 20  
 dæt on dunnumbred ijd,l peb,l tŋæ:fs,  
 kænot bi hærd so hij. ijl luk no mo:r;  
 le(:)st mij bræin turn, ænd de defisient siŋt  
 top,l duwn hedloŋ.

\*                      \*

ACT V. SCENE III.

*Lear.* HOWLE, howle, howle, howle: <sup>1</sup> O you <sup>2</sup>  
are men of stones,  
Had I your tongues and eyes, Il'd vse them so,  
That Heauens vault should crack: she's gone for euer.  
<sup>260</sup> I know when one is dead, and when one liues,  
She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glasse,  
If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,  
Why then she liues.

*Kent.* Is this the promis'd end?

*Edg.* Or image of that horror? <sup>3</sup>

*Alb.* Fall and cease.

265 *Lear.* This feather stirs, she liues: if it be so,  
It is a chance which do's redeeme all sorrowes  
That euer I haue felt.

*Kent.* O my good Master.

*Lear.* Prythee away.

*Edg.* 'Tis Noble *Kent* your Friend.

*Lear.* A plague vpon you Murderors, Traitors all,  
270 I might haue sau'd her, now she's gone for euer:  
*Cordelia, Cordelia,* stay a little. Ha:  
What is't thou faist? Her voice was euer soft,  
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

305      *Lear.* And my poore Foole is hang'd: no,  
no, no life?

Why should a Dog, a Horfe, a Rat haue life,  
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,  
Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.

Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,

<sup>1</sup> *The fourth* howle in *Q* only.    <sup>2</sup> your.    <sup>3</sup> *Full stop.*

## ACT V. SCENE III.

le:r.] huwl, huwl, huwl, huwl! o:, iu ær  
men ov sto:nz:

hæd ij iur tuŋz ænd ijz, ijld iuz dem so:  
dæt he(:)v,nz va:lt fu:ld kræk. fi:z go:n for ever!  
ij kno: hwen o:n iz ded. ænd hwen o:n livz; 260  
fi:z ded æz e(:)rθ. lend mi æ lu:kiŋ-glæs;  
if dæt her bre(:)θ wil mist or stæin de sto:n,  
hwij, den fi livz.

kent.] iz dis de promist end?

edgær.] or imædz ov dæt horor?

æ:l bæni.] fa:l, ænd se:s!

le:r.] dis feðer sturz; fi livz! if it bi: so:, 265  
it iz æ tŋæns hwitf duz redi:m a:l sorouz  
dæt ever ij hæv felt.

kent.] o: mij gud mæster!

le:r.] pridi:, æwæi.

edgær.] tiz no:b,l kent, iur frend.

le:r.] æ plæ:g upon iu murd(e)rerz, træitorz a:l!  
ij mijt hæv sæ:vd her; nuw fi:z go:n for ever! 270  
korde:lîæ, korde:lîæ, stæi æ lit,l. hæ:!  
hwæt ist duw sæist? her vois wæz ever soft,  
dʒent,l, ænd lo:, æn eks(e)lent θiŋ in wumæn.

le:r.] ænd mij pur fu:l iz hæŋd! no:, no:, 305  
no: lijf!

hwij fu:ld æ dog, æ hors, æ ræt hæv lijf,  
ænd duw no bre(:)θ æt a:l? duwlt kum no mo:r,  
never, never, never, never, never!  
præi iu, undu: dis but,n: θæŋk iu, sir.

310 Do you see this? Looke on her!<sup>1</sup> Looke her lips,  
Looke there, looke there.

*Edg.* He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

*Kent.* Breake heart, I prythee breake.

*Edg.* Looke vp my Lord.

*Kent.* Vex not his ghost, O let him passe, he  
hates him,

That would vpon the wracke of this tough world  
315 Stretch him out longer.

## FROM OTHELLO.

### ACT I. SCENE III.

HER Father lou'd me, oft inuited me :  
Still question'd me the Storie of my life,  
130 From yeare to yeare: the Battailles,<sup>2</sup> Sieges, Fortunes,<sup>3</sup>  
That I haue past.  
I ran it through, euen from my boyish daies,  
Toth' very moment that he bad me tell it.  
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:  
135 Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,  
Of haire-breadth scapes i'th'imminent deadly breach;  
Of being taken by the Insolent Foe,  
And sold to flauery. Of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my Trauellours historie.  
140 Wherein of Antars vast, and Defarts idle,  
Rough Quarries, Rocks, and <sup>4</sup> Hills, whose heads <sup>5</sup>  
touch heauen,  
It was my hint to speake. Such was my Proceffe,

<sup>1</sup> her?    <sup>2</sup> Battaille. (*This and most other corrections from Q.*)    <sup>3</sup> Fortune.    <sup>4</sup> and om.    <sup>5</sup> head.

du iu si: dis? lʊk on her, lʊk, her lips, 310  
lʊk ðe:r, lʊk ðe:r!

edgær.] hi fæints! mij lord, mij lord!

kent.] bre:k, hært; ij pridi:, bre:k!

edgær.] lʊk up, mij lord.

kent.] veks not hiz go:st: o:, let him pæs!

hi: hæ:ts him

ðæt wu:ld upon ðe wræk ov dis tuf world  
stretʃ him uwt longer. 315

## FROM OTHELLO.

## ACT I. SCENE III.

her fæder luvd mi:; oft invijted mi:;  
stil kwestīond mi: de sto:ri ov mij lijf,  
from je:r tu je:r, de bæt,lz, si:dʒez, fortiunz, 130  
ðæt ij hæv pæst.

ij ræn it θru:, i:vn from mij boiif dæiz,  
tuð veri mo:ment ðæt hi bæd mi tel it;  
hwe:rin ij spok ov mo:st dizaēstrus tʃænz,  
ov mu:vij æksidents bij flud ænd fi:ld, 135

ov hæir-bredθ skæ:ps id im(i)nent dedli bre:tʃ,  
ov bi:ij tæk,n bij de ins(o)lent fo:  
ænd sould tu slæ:v(e)ri, ov mij redempšion dens  
ænd portæns in mij træv(e)lerz histori:  
hwe:rin ov ænterz væst ænd dezærts ijd,l, 140  
ruf kwæriz, roks ænd hilz hwu:z hedz tutʃ he(:)v,n,

it wæz mij hint tu spe:k,—sutʃ wæz mij pro:sēs;



ænd ov de kænibælz dæt e:tf uderz e:t,  
 de ænθropofædgij, ænd men hwu:z hedz  
 du gro: bine:d<sup>1</sup> dæir foulderz. de:z θiŋz tu he:r 145

wu:ld dezdemo:næ se:rriusli inkliŋ:  
 but stil de huws æfæirz wu:ld dra: her dens:  
 hwitf ever æz fi ku:ld wið hæ:st dispætŋ,  
 fi:ld kum ægæin, ænd wið æ gre:di e:r  
 devuwr up mij disku:rs: hwitf ij obzerviŋ, 150  
 tu:k o:ns æ plijænt uwr, ænd fuwnd gud me:nz  
 tu dra: from her æ præir ov ernest hært  
 dæt ij wu:ld a:l mij pilgrimædg dilæ:t,  
 hwe:rov bij pærs,lz fi hæd sumθiŋ hærd,  
 but not intentivli. ij did konsent, 155  
 ænd oft,n did bigijl her ov her te:rz,  
 hwen ij did spe:k ov sum distresful stro:k  
 dæt mij jiuθ suferd. mij sto:ri bi:iŋ dun,  
 fi gæ:v mi for mij pæinz æ world ov si:z:  
 fi swo:r, in fæiθ, twæz strændz, twæz pæsiŋ strændz, 160  
 twæz pitiful, twæz wundrus pitiful:  
 fi wiŋt fi hæd not hærd it, jit fi wiŋt  
 dæt he(:)vn hæd mæ:d her sutf æ mæn: fi θæŋkt  
 mi;

ænd bæd mi:, if ij hæd æ frend dæt luvd her,  
 ij fu:ld but te:tf him huw tu tel mij sto:ri, 165  
 ænd dæt wu:ld wu: her. upon dis hint ij spæ:k:  
 fi luvd mi: for de dændgerz ij hæd pæst,  
 ænd ij luvd her dæt fi did piti dem.  
 dis o:nli iz de witf-kræft ij hæv iuzd.

\* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> Or bine.θ

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

ALAS *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my Lord againe?

- 150 Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,  
 I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele:  
 If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst his Loue,  
 Either in discourse of thought, or actuall deed,  
 Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence  
 155 Delighted them in any<sup>1</sup> other Forme,  
 Or that I do not yet, and euer did,  
 And euer will, (though he do shake me off  
 To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deerely,  
 Comfort forswear me. Vnkindnesse may do much,  
 160 And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,  
 But neuer taynt my Loue. . . . .

\* \* \*

## ACT V. SCENE II.

- 340 I PRAY you in your Letters,  
 When you shall these vnluckie deeds relate,  
 Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,  
 Nor set downe ought in malice. Then must you  
 speake,<sup>2</sup>  
 Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:  
 345 Of one, not easily Iealous, but being wrought,  
 Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand  
 (Like the base Indean threw a Pearle away  
 Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd  
 Eyes,  
 Albeit vn-vsed to the melting moode,

<sup>1</sup> them: or any.

<sup>2</sup> Then . . . speake, *a new line*.

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

ælæs, iæ:go;  
 hwæt fæl ij du: tu win mij lord ægæin?  
 gud frend, go: tu him; for, bij dis lijt ov he(:)vn, 150  
 ij kno: not huw ij lost him. he:r ij kni:l:  
 if e:r mij wil did trespæs gæinst hiz luv,  
 e:ð(e)r<sup>1</sup> in disku:rs ov θout or æktiūæl di:d,  
 or ðæt mijn ijz, mijn e:rz, or æni sens,  
 delijted ðem in æni uder form; 155  
 or ðæt ij du: not jit, ænd ever did,  
 ænd ever wil—ðou hi du fæ:k mi of  
 tu begerli divorsment—luv him de:rli,  
 kumfort forswe:r mi:! unkiyndnes mæi du: mutf;  
 ænd hiz unkiyndnes mæi defe:t mij lijf, 160  
 but never tæint mij luv. . . . .

\*            \*

## ACT V. SCENE II.

ij præi iu, in iur leterz, 340  
 lwen iu fæl ðe:z unluki di:dz relæ:t,  
 spe:k ov mi: æz ij æm; noθij ekstenūæt,  
 nor set down out in mælis: den must iu spe:k  
  
 ov o:n ðæt luvd not wijzli but tu: wel;  
 ov o:n not e:z(i)li dʒeliʊs, but bi:ij wrout 345  
 perplekst in de ekstrem; ov o:n hwu:z hænd,  
 lijk ðe bæ:s indīæn, θriu æ perl æwæi  
 ritfer ðen a:l hiz trijb; ov o:n hwu:z subdiud ijz,  
  
 a:lbi:(i)t uniuzed tu ðe meltij mu:d,

<sup>1</sup> *Hardly e:r.*

850 Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees  
 Their Medicinable gumme. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,  
 Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse.

---

## FROM ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

## ACT II. SCENE II.

THE Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne  
 [ Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold,  
 Purple the Sailes: and so perfumed that  
 The Windes were Loue-ficke with them. The Owers  
 were Siluer,<sup>1</sup>  
 200 Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made  
 The water which they beate, to follow faster;  
 As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person  
 It beggerd all discription, she did lye  
 In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tiffue,  
 205 O're-picturing that Venus,<sup>2</sup> where we see  
 The fancie out-worke Nature. On each side her,  
 Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,  
 With diuers coulour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme,  
 To glow<sup>3</sup> the delicate cheekes which they did coole,  
 210 And what they vndid did.  
 . . . . .  
 Her Gentlewomen,<sup>4</sup> like the Nereides,  
 So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes,  
 And made their bends adornings. At the Helme,

<sup>1</sup> Loue-ficke. With them the Owers were Siluer  
 (With *beginning a new line*). <sup>2</sup> Venns. <sup>3</sup> gloue.

<sup>4</sup> Gentlewoman.

drops te:rz æz fæst æz ðe æræ:bǣn tri:z 350  
 ðæir med(i)sinæb,l gum.

. . . . .

ij kist ði: er ij kild ði:: no: wæi but ðis;

• kilin mijself, tu dij upon æ kis.

---

FROM ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT II. SCENE II.

ðe bærdz ʃi sæt in, lijk æ burnift θro:n,  
 burnt on ðe wæter: ðe pu:p wæz be:t,n gould;  
 purp,l ðe sæilz, ænd so: perfumed ðæt  
 ðe wijndz wer luv-sik wið dem; d(e) o:rz wer silver,

hwitf tu ðe tiun ov fliuts kept stro:k, ænd mæ:d 200

ðe wæter hwitf ðæi be:t tu folo: fæster,

æz æm(o)rus ov ðæir stro:ks. for her oun person,

it begerd a:l deskripsion: ʃi did lij

in her pævilion—kloθ ov gould ov tisiu—

o:r-piktiurin ðæt venus hwe:r wi si: 205

ðe fænsi uwtwurk næ:tiur: on e:tf sijd her

stu(:)d priti dimp,ld boiz, lijk smijlin kiupidz,

wið dijvers-kulord fænz, hwu:z wijnd did si:m

tu glou ðe del(i)kæ(:)t tʃi:ks hwitf ðæi did ku:l,

ænd hwæt ðæi undid did. 210

. . . . .

her dʒent,lwi(:)men, lijk ðe nereidz,

so mæni mermæidz, tended her id i:z,

ænd mæ:d ðæir bendz ædornijz: æt ðe helm

A seeming Mer-maide steeres: The Silken Tackle,  
 215 Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,  
 That yarely frame the office. From the Barge  
 A strange inuifible perfume hits the sense  
 Of the adiacent Wharfes. The Citty cast  
 Her people out vpon her: and *Anthony*  
 220 Enthron'd i'th' Market-place, did sit alone,  
 Whiffling to th'ayre:<sup>1</sup> which but for vacancie,  
 Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,  
 And made a gap in Nature.

\*                      \*

ACT V. SCENE II.

GIVE me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue  
 Immortall longings in me. Now no more  
 285 The iuyce of Egypts Grape shall moyft this lip.  
 Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quicke: Me thinkes I heare  
*Anthony* call: I fee him rowle himfelfe  
 To praife my Noble Act. I heare him mock  
 The lucke of *Cæfar*, which the Gods giue men  
 290 To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:  
 Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.  
 I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements  
 I giue to baser life. So, haue you done?  
 Come then, and take the laft warmth of my Lippes.  
 Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.

---

<sup>1</sup> to'th'ayre.

æ si:miŋ mermæid sti:rz: de silk.n tæk,l  
 swel wið de tutfez ov do:z fluwr-soft hændz, 215  
 ðæt jærli fræ:m de ofis. from de bærdz  
 æ strændz inviz(i)b,l perfium hits de sens  
 ov de ædʒæ:sent hwærfs. de siti kæst  
 her pi:p,l uwt upon her; ænd æntoni,  
 inθro:nd id mærket plæ:s, did sit ælo:n, 220  
 hwis(t)liŋ tu ðæir; hwitf but for væ:kænsi,  
 hæd go:n tu gæ:z on kle:opæ:ter tu:  
 ænd mæ:d æ gæp in næ:tiur.

\*       \*       \*

ACT V. SCENE II.

giv mi mij ro.b, put on mij kruwn; ij hæ:v  
 imortæl longgiŋz in mi:: nuw no mo:r  
 de dʒius ov e:dʒipts græ:p sæl moist dis lip: 285  
 jær, jær, gud ijræs; kwik. miθiŋks ij he:r  
 æntoni ka:l; ij si: him ruwz himself  
 tu præiz mij no:b,l ækt; ij he:r him mok  
 de luk ov se:zær, hwitf de godz giv men  
 t(u) ekskiuz ðæir æfter wræθ: huzbænd, ij kum: 290  
 nuw tu ðæt ne:m mij kurædʒ pru:v mij tijt,l!  
 ij (æ)m fiŋ ænd æir; mij uder elements  
 ij giv tu bæ:ser lijf. so:; hæv iu dun?  
 kum den, ænd tæk de læst wærmθ ov mij lips.  
 fæ:rwel, kijnd tʃærmæn; ijræs, loŋ fæ:rwel.

## FROM CYMBELINE.

## ACT II. SCENE III.

*Song.*

HEARKE, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate lings,  
 And Phœbus gins arife,  
 His Steeds to water at those Springs  
 25 On chalic'd Flowres that lyes:  
 And winking Mary-buds begin  
 To ope their Golden eyes  
 With euery thing that pretty is,  
 My Lady fweet arife:<sup>1</sup>  
 30 Arife, arife.

\*

\*

\*

## ACT III. SCENE IV.

COME Fellow, be thou honeft,  
 Do thou thy Mafters bidding. When thou feelt him,  
 A little witneffe my obedience. Looke  
 I draw the Sword my felfe, take it, and hit  
 70 The innocent Manfion of my Loue (my Heart:)  
 Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:  
 Thy Mafter is not there, who was indeede  
 The riches of it. Do his bidding, ftrike,  
 Thou mayft be valiant in a better caufe;  
 75 But now thou feem'ft a Coward.

. . . . .

Why, I muft dye:  
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
 No Seruant of thy Mafters. Againft Selfe-flaughter,  
 There is a prohibition fo Diuine,  
 80 That crauens my weake hand: Come, heere's my  
 heart:

<sup>1</sup> *Ll. 26 to 29 printed as two lines.*

## FROM CYMBELINE.

## ACT II. SCENE III.

[soŋ.]

hærk, hærk! de lærk æt he(:)vnz gært siŋz,

ænd fe:bus ginz æriŋz,

hiz sti:dz tu wæter æt do:z spriŋz

on tŋælist fluw rz dæt liŋz;

25

ænd wiŋkiŋ mæ:ri-budz biŋin

tu o:p dæir Gould,n iŋz:

wið ev(e)ri θiŋ dæt pri:ti iz.

miŋ læ:di swi:t, æriŋz:

æriŋz, æriŋz.

30

\* \* \*

## ACT III. SCENE IV.

kum, felo:, bi: ðuw onest:

du: ðuw diŋ mæsterz biðiŋ: hwen ðuw si:st him,

æ lit,l witnes miŋ obe:dïens: luk!

iŋ dra: ðe sword miŋself: tæ:k it. ænd hit

ðe in(o)sent mænſiön ov miŋ luv, miŋ hært:

70

fe:r not; tiŋ empti ov a:l θiŋz but gri:f:

diŋ mæster iz not ðe:r, hwu: wæz indi:d

ðe ritfez ov it: du: hiz biðiŋ; strijk

ðuw mæist bi vælænt in æ beter ka:z;

but nuw ðuw si:mst æ kuwærd.

75

. . . . .

hwij, iŋ must diŋ;

ænd if iŋ du: not biŋ diŋ hænd, ðuw ært

no: servænt ov diŋ mæsterz. ægæinst self-sla:ter

ðer iz æ prohibiſiön so: diviŋ

dæt kræ:v,nz miŋ we:k hænd. kum, he:r z miŋ hært. 80

Something's a-for't:<sup>1</sup> Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,  
 Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,  
 The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,  
 All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away,  
 85 Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more  
 Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles  
 Beleeue false Teachers: Though those that are betraid  
 Do feele the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor  
 Stands in worse case of woe. . . . .

\*            \*            \*

ACT IV. SCENE II.

*Song.*

*Guid.* Feare no more the heate o'th'Sun,  
 Nor the furious Winters rages,  
 260 Thou thy worldly task hast don,  
 Home art gon, and tane thy wages.  
 Golden Lads, and Girles all must,  
 As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust.

*Arui.* Feare no more the frowne o'th'Great,  
 265 Thou art past the Tirants stroake,  
 Care no more to cloath and eate,  
 To thee the Reede is as the Oake:  
 The Scepter, Learning, Phylicke must,  
 All follow this and come to dust.

270 *Guid.* Feare no more the Lightning flash.

*Arui.* Nor th'all-dreaded Thunderstone.

*Gui.* Feare not Slander, Censure rash.

*Arui.* Thou hast finish'd Ioy and mone.

<sup>1</sup> a-foot.

sumþingz æ-fort. soft, soft! wi:l no: defens;  
 obe:dient æz de skæbærd. hwæt iz he:r?  
 de skriptiurz ov de lo:æl le:onæ:tus,  
 a:l turnd tu heresi? æwæi, æwæi,  
 korupterz ov mij fæiθ! iu fæl no mo:r 85  
 bi stum(æ)kerz tu mij hært. dus mæi pur fulz  
 bili:v fa:ls te:tferz: dou do:z dæt ær bitræid  
 du fi:l de tre:z,n færppli, jit de træitor  
 stændz in wurs kæ:s ov wo: . . . . .

\*            \*

ACT IV. SCENE II.

[soŋ.]

gijde:rīus.] fe:r no mo:r de he:t od sun,  
                   nor de fiurīus winterz ræ:dgez;  
 duw dij worldli tæsk hæst dun, 260  
                   ho:m ært go:n, ænd tæ:n dij wæ:dgez:  
 gould,n lædz ænd girlz a:l must,  
 æz tʃimni-swi:perz, kum tu dust.

ærvirægus.] fe:r no mo:r de fruwn od gre:t;  
                   duw ært pæst de tijaents stro:k; 265  
 kær no mo:r tu klo:d ænd e:t;  
                   tu di: de ri:d iz æz de o:k:  
 de septer, lernij, fizik, must  
 a:l folo: dis, ænd kum tu dust.

gijde:rīus.] fe:r no mo:r de lijtnij-flæf, 270  
 ærvirægus.] nor dai:l-dre(:)ded θunder-sto:n;  
 gijde:rīus.] fe:r not skender, sensiu:r ræf;  
 ærvirægus.] duw hæst finist dʒoi ænd mo:n:

*Both.* All Louers young, all Louers must,  
275 Consigne to thee and come to dust.

*Guid.* No Exorcisor harme thee,

*Arui.* Nor no witch-craft charme thee.

*Guid.* Ghost vnlaide forbeare thee.

*Arui.* Nothing ill come neere thee.

280 *Both.* Quiet consufation haue,  
And renowned be thy graue.

---

bo:θ.]      a:l luverz juŋ, a:l luverz must  
             konsijn tu di:, ænd kum tu dust.      275

gijde:rīus.]      no: eksorsijzer hærm di:!

ærvirægus.]      nor no witfkræft tšærm di:!

gijde:rīus.]      go:st unlæid forbe:r di:!

ærvirægus.]      noθij il kum ne:r di:!

bo:θ.]      kwijet konsiumæ:sion hærv;      280

             ænd renuwned bi: dij græ:v!

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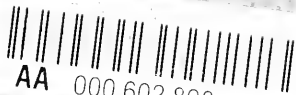


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